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THE
Fair Quaker of Deal:

OR, THE
 Humours of the Navy.

A
 COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
 THEATRE-ROYAL,
 IN
 DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON at the *Crown*
 in *Ludgate-Street*; and H. LINTOT at
 the *Cross-Keys* in *Fleet-Street*. And Sold by
 W. FEALES at *Rowe's-Head*, over-against
St. Clement's-Church in the *Strand*.

M. DCC. XXXVII.

First Quarter of Decr.

History of the Year

C O M M O N



THEATRE ROYAL

DRURY-LANE

LONDON

Printed and Sold by J. Johnson, Stationer, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.
1793

*To my Generous and Obliging
Friends of the County of KENT,*

GENTLEMEN,



HIS Play was both design'd and finish'd in your County, and therefore comes for Protection to the Place of its Nativity. It drags not a sluggish and unwilling Pace, as timorous of its Reception, and the Hardiness of its Fate; but pants for its Native Air, where it was brought forth with Pleasure, and flies to the good Treatment of Your experienc'd Hospitality.

To fix upon any particular Patron from among You, would be a general Offence, because so many of you have a special Claim to my Gratitude for Your peculiar Favours: And to incorporate You, by Name, into one common Body, wou'd require a College of Heralds to order the Precedence, and a more difficult Exactness to marshal my Obligations: I rather chuse to confess them by a general Acknowledgment; and as each of You know what Title You have to my Thanks, I pay them in due Proportion, with the utmost Chearfulness, and with the profoundest Respect.

There is a Nicety, it seems, in Love, and some will have it, in Friendship, which will not endure Numbers in such a Strictness of

Union. Did I presume to claim Friendships as unbounded as my Dedication, I would adventure to oppose that ungenerous Notion: But as I only take to myself the less env'y'd Name of a Client, and declare my good Fortune in having met with so many singular Patrons; Gratitude, I hope, without Cavil, may be as unlimited as Favours, and Favours will be as diffusive as Good-Nature and Ability can make them.

The Wonder will be, that under the happy Influence of such a general kind Treatment, I have not been able to produce a more strenuous and lively Play. It may be, Your Indulgence to the Parent has spoil'd his Off-spring; for Writers, they say, as well as Breeders, must be under Diet and Prescription: Mine, if it is a Muse, has been under no such Restraint; but has fed high, and liv'd well among You, and must plead Your Bounty in excuse of her Irregularities.

Accept this Play then, as an Offering, Gentlemen, and skreen it as a Composure: It should, indeed have been more perfect, considering to whom, and for what Reasons it is address'd; but 'tis my first Effort, and therefore the first publick Opportunity I could take, of declaring how much I am,

GENTLEMEN,

*Your most Obliged,
Most Thankful, and
Obedient Servant,*

C. S.

PREFACE.

THIS Play was writ about three Years since, and put into the Hands of a famous Comedian belonging to the Hay-Market Play-House, who took care to beat down the Value of it so much, as to offer the Author to alter it fit to appear on the Stage, on condition he might have half the Profits of the Third Day, and the Dedication entire; that is as much as to say, That it might pass for one of his, according to Custom. The Author not agreeing to this reasonable Proposal, it lay in his Hands till the Beginning of this Winter; when Mr. Booth read it, and lik'd it, and persuaded the Author, that with a little Alteration it would please the Town. Indeed the Success of it has been wonderful; notwithstanding the Trial in Westminster-Hall, and the Rehearsal of the new Opera, it has answer'd the Ends of the Poet, and, he hopes, that of the Town too.

I cannot omit mentioning the extraordinary Performances of Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Santlow, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Lee, who are the only People, on the English Stage, that could have acted those Parts so much to the Life.

It may be expected I should give some Reasons for my scribbling, and make Excuses for the Irregularities of the Play, find fault with those things the Town are good-natur'd enough to overlook, most arrogantly stand up for Time and Place, brag of the Newness of the Characters, &c. But I beg Pardon for not shewing the conceited Part of me. I am call'd in haste to my Duty in Portugal, but, at my Return, it's probable, I may be as insolent as the rest of the Scribblers of the Town.

PROLOGUE.

IN early Times, when Plays were first in Fashion,
 The Bus'ness of the Stage was Reformation;
 The well-wrought Scene for publick Good design'd,
 With imitable Virtue fill'd the Mind,
 And lash'd the growing Follies of Mankind.
 That was its golden Age, which soon outworn,
 Romantick Love and Honour took their Turn.
 Such Windmill Knights, such odd fantastick Ladies,
 Sprung from the Brain of their Poetick Daddies;
 Prince Prettyman and Amaryllis scarce
 Cou'd turn the lulling Nonsense into Farce.
 Drove from those Beds of dreaming Indolence,
 The Muse flew downwards till she gave Offence;
 For as our sage Inquisitors do tell us,
 Her finest Parts were Tilts and Rakish Fellows.
 And as Corruptors of this harmless Town,
 We were presented, and almost put down.
 How would your useless Time, 'twixt Five and Eight,
 Have drag'd its Wings without this lov'd Retreat?
 What other nameless Place had been so fit
 For Pit to ogle Boxes, Boxes Pit?
 At length, kind Judges, merry be your Hearts,
 You're pleas'd to relish best our lowest Parts;
 Give you but Humour, tickle but your Spleen,
 No matter how we furnish Plot or Scene.
 Soon pleas'd, but that, alas! you're squeamish too,
 Your tight Digestion must have something new,
 Or else you'll drive away to Puppet-show.
 Under these Terms of Grace young Bays has writ,
 With double Title to be dubb'd a Wit,
 First, 'cause Poeta nascitur, non fit.
 From a fam'd Stock our tender Cyon grows,
 And may be Laureat too himself, who knows?
 But that his other Plea may be admitted,
 You're both with new and merry Humour fitted.
 Come, break him in, and when he writes again,
 Perhaps he'll find a more diverting Pen.

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the FAIR QUAKER.

Friends, doth it please you that this Trifle pass?
Are you contented not to damn the As?
Or doth it to your wiser Judgment seem
More fit this leading Folly to condemn,
For fear of being charg'd with more of them?
Sedately think, and let your equal Zeal
Weigh both the publick and his private Weal.
First then, i'th' publick Name, debate it whether
It can subsist, keep Life and Soul together,
Without the Privilege of coming hither:
If that you can spin out your life-long Days,
Without the Vanity of seeing Plays,
Down with this Scribbler's Hopes, this House and all,
Let both these Marts for Lewdness, tumble, fall.
For, ah, it cutteth, it provoketh Passion,
To think you should indulge Abomination.
But if you're harden'd, stung, as I may say,
With moral Madness like Tarantula,
That nothing else but Noise and Dance can cure you,
Then pray encourage what you have before you:
For as these Triflers now-a-days do write,
No Mirth's more innocent than this To-night.
Now, Sirs, I come to plead our Stripling's Cause,
All the young Fellow wants, is your Applause.
Poet's a sounding, empty Name,
Born on Parnassus' Cliffs, he pants for Fame;
Not ev'n your third Night's Bounty would content him,
If of the grand Sophies you should prevent him;
That Word my Skill in Languages has lent him.
Nay, for my own sake I demand this Grace,
Because with much Constraint I've set my Face,
To carry on a Quaker's dull Grimace:
And ill, my Friends, you would reward my Pains,
If I should suffer for his want of Brains;
For where the luckless Poet feels your Hate,
The undistinguish'd Players share your Fate.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Flip*, The Commodore, a most illiterate *Wappineer*-Tar, hates the Gentlemen of the Navy, gets drunk with his Boat's Crew, and values himself upon the brutish Management of the Navy, } Mr. Leigh.
- Mixen*, a finical Sea-Fop, a mighty Reformer of the Navy, keeps a Visiting-Day, and is *Flip*'s Opposite. } Mr. Pack.
- Worthy*, a Captain of the Navy, a Gentleman of Honour, Sense, and Reputation, } Mr. Booth.
- Rouewell*, a Gentleman of Fortune, and true Lover of the Officers of the Navy, } Mr. Powell.
- Sir *Charles Pleasant*, *Worthy*'s Lieutenant, a Man of Quality, } Mr. Bickerstaffe.
- Cribidge*, *Flip*'s Lieutenant; a brisk young Fellow, } Mr. Elrington.
- Easy*, a Lieutenant of Marines, } Mr. Corey.
- Indent*, *Flip*'s Purser, } Mr. Knepp.
- Scruple*, a Corporation-Justice, a canting Hypocrite, } Mr. Freeman.
- Mr. *Norris*, Cockswain, and Sailors,

W O M E N.

- Arabella Zeal*, bred a Churchwoman, } Mrs. Bradshaw.
- Dorcas Zeal*, her Sister, bred a Quaker, } Mrs. Santlow.
- Belinda*, a Woman of Fortune, } Mrs. Moor.
- Fenny Private*, } Whores of the Town, } Mrs. Spillar.
- Filtup*, } Mrs. Hunt.
- Advocate*, *Belinda*'s Maid, } Mrs. Finch.
- Maid to *Arabella*, } Mrs. Shirburn.
- Bar-Maid, } Mrs. Cox.

SCENE DEAL.

Time Five Hours.

THE
Fair Quaker of Deal:
 OR, THE
 Humours of the Navy.

ACT I.

SCENE, DEAL.

Enter Worthy as from on Board, Cockswoin and Crew following.

Wor.



O, thank Heaven, I have at last reach'd my native Land. Cockswoin, take care the Water be sent on Board with Expedition, and bid the Purser hasten to *Dover* for fresh Provisions, and let the sick

Men to be set on Shore the next Trip: There's something for the Boat's Crew, go and refresh your selves.

Cock. All your Orders shall be punctually comply'd with.

All Sailors. Thank your noble Honour, huzza, huzza.

[Exeunt Crew.]

Enter Rovewell.

Wor. My dear Rovewell!

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Rov. Welcome on Shore, dear *Worthy* ! how have you far'd this Voyage? Prithce relate me some of your Adventures.

Wor. Why, faith *Rovewell*, my Voyage was attended with little Pleasure, being generally confin'd to the barbarous Conversation of *Flip* my Commodore, a most obstinate, positive, ignorant *Wappineer-Tar*; in short, he has been my eternal Plague.

Rov. Why, was only you two the Convoy ?

Wor. Yes, to make me compleatly wretched, *Beau Mizen* was the third Man ; a Sea-Fop, of all Creatures, the most ridiculous.

Rov. I can't say I'm sorry for the Usage you have met with, because I am in hopes the nauseous Conversation of these Coxcombs will make you relish my Company the better.

Wor. The true Sense I have of your Wit and Judgment will always make me covet your Acquaintance ; therefore I needed not the wretched Preparative I have met with.—But how does all our *Deal* Angels ?

Rov. Why the few virtuous Women are as proud and as insolent as they us'd to be, and the Whores you left here about ten Months since, are dead with Rottenness, and young Strums supply their Rooms. This is a monstrous Place for Wickedness ! Fornication flourishes more here than in any Sea-Port of *Europe*. You Gentlemen of the Navy are great Encouragers of Sin, and traffick mightily in that sort of Merchandize ; and for your Money receive as lasting *French* Diseases here, as any you can meet with in *Covent-Garden*, or the *Meduerranean*.

Wor. Ay ; as thou observest, *Rovewell*, the Marine Race are a debauch'd Generation. The Poets will tell us, that *Venus* herself was born of the Sea ; troth, her fabulous Divinity has too many real Worshipers bred up upon her own Salt Element.

Rov. 'Tis a strange thing that People that face Death so near, and so often, should have no Thoughts of saving their Souls.

Wor. Being constantly in danger of them so, that they look Death in the Face with as much Impudence

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as a *Deal Whore* does a poor Tar after a long Voyage.

—— But what News of my dear Quaker?

Rov. She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and faith I believe as constant too: You'll never leave playing the Fool with that spiritual Creature, till she draws you into Matrimony; ten thousand Pounds, with Beauty and Virtue, are very great Temptations.

Wor. Then do you really think I have any Interest in that dear Creature?

Rov. Had you as much with the Lords of the Admiralty you wou'd be a great Man; for she doats on you. Could you have but seen the Countenance she put on, when there was a Report that you were kill'd; the Sighs, the Agonies, and the Groans she had upon that occasion, were more sincere than those her Religion obliges her to.

Wor. I am impatient till I see the dear Charmer. But how goes thy Affair on with *Belinda*?

Rov. Much after the manner of the *French King's* Affairs; they have a dismal Aspect; we quarrel like Man and Wife, or High-Church and Low. She knows her Ascendant over my Heart is so rivetted, that she can't lose me, and therefore she uses me as tyrannically as if she was the *French King*, and I one of the Protestants.

Wor. I hope no Persecution will make you leave her Kingdom.

Rov. To carry on the Simile, I am somewhat stubborn; but rather than lose her Money, I shall be a Convert.

Wor. But see the Commodore.

Enter Flip.

Flip. Ha! *Rovewell*, what Chear, what Chear, my Lad?

Rov. Most noble Commodore, your humble Servant.

Flip. Noble, a Pox of Nobility, I say; the best Commodores that ever went between two Ends of a Ship, had not a Drop of Nobility in 'em, thank Heaven.

Rov.

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Rev. Then you still value your self for being a Brute, and think Ignorance a great Qualification for a Sea-Captain?

Flip. I value my self for not being a Coxcomb; that is what you call a Gentleman Captain; which is a new Name for our Sea-Fops, who forsooth, must wear white Linen, have Field Beds, lie in Holland Sheets, and load their Noddles with thirty Ounces of Whores Hair, which makes 'em hate the sight of an Enemy, for fear Bullets and Gun-Powder should spoil the Beau Wig, and lac'd Jacket. They are indeed pretty Fellows at single Rapier, and can, with a little Drink in their Heads, cut the Throats of their best Friends; but catch 'em Yard-Arm and Yard-Arm with a *French Man*, and down goes the Colours. Oh! it was not so in the *Dutch Wars*, then we valu'd our selves, upon Wooden Legs, and Stumps of Arms, and fought as if Heaven and Earth was coming together.

Rev. Yes, yes, you fought very gloriously, when you let the *Dutch* burn the Fleet at *Chatham*.

Flip. That Accident was owing to the Treachery of some Rogues at Land, and not to us Sea-faring Folks.

Wor. Come, leave railing, my Good Commodore; I believe thou art honest and brave; but wanting Sense and good Manners, would fain put the World out of Conceit with those Accomplishments. You old Captains, who sit at Court-Martials are very envious; and often must a young Fellow for Actions, which were reckon'd glorious ones, when done by any of your stupid Selves.

Flip. By the Load-stone I swear, I am none of those, I have serv'd in every Office belonging to a Ship, from Cook's Boy to a Commodore; and have all the Sea Jest by Heart, from the Fore-Castle to the Great-Cabbin; and I love a Sailor.

Wor. Ay, so well as to get drunk with every Mess in the Ship once a Week.

Flip. Why, that makes the Rogues love me: my Jocularousness with them, makes them fight for me; they keep me out of a *French Goal*. I'll follow my old Method,

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Method, till I am Superhanded; which I believe, I shan't petition for this twenty Years.

Wor. Since you love your common Sailors so well, what reason can you have for uslag your Lieutenant so like a Dog?

Flip. Because he sets up for a fine Gentleman, and lies in Gloves, to make his Hands white: And tho' 'tis his Watch, when I ring my Bell, the Rogue is above coming to my Cabin. I sent him ashore Yesterday to the Post-house, with a Letter to the Ambralty; I order'd him to buy me a Quarter of Mutton, and three-score Cabbages for my own use; and the Land-Lubber (for he is no Sailor) had the Impudence to tell me, he would not be my Boy. I told him I'd bring him to a Court-Martial, and he threatned to throw up his Commission, and cut my Throat.

Rev. Ha! ha! I'm glad thou hast met with a young Fellow of Life and Vigour, that knows how to use you according to your Deserts: but see who comes here so gay!

Flip. 'Tis a Water-Beau; one Water-Spaniel is worth fifty of such Fair-weather Fops; do but observe him now, oh monstrous!

Enter Mizzen and Cockswain.

Miz. Go you to the Perfumers, buy me a Gallon of Orange-Flower-Water, and a Pint of Jessamin-Oil; let the Musslin Curtains, and furbelow'd Toilet be wash'd out of hand: Carry on Board a Bushel of Sweet-Powder, and tell the Purser, I am resolv'd every Man on Board my Ship shall have a clean white Shirt at his Charge. *Tuesday* next is my Visiting Day; and I design to let the World see how much I have reform'd the Navy.

Flip. Ho, ho, ho, here's a fine Gentleman for you!

Miz. [Seeing the Company] Dear Roverwell, split me on a Rock, if I am not transported at the sight of you!

Flip. It would be well for the Nation, if such Butterflies as you were transported to some of the Plantations:

I wish

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I wish you were my Bow-Man, and the Wind blew strong at East, I'd spoil your Beauty.

Miz. Why Lard, Commodore, won't you give a Man leave to be decent and clean? will nothing please you but what stinks of Tar and Tobacco?

Flip. Tar and Tobacco are sweeter, one would think, than the Excrements of a Civetty-Cat; but I am well assured talking to you is like rowing against Wind and Tide, and therefore e'en steer your Compass your own way: Friend *Rovewell*, I don't care if you and I toss off a Can of *Sir Cloundesly* before we sail.

Rov. Where do you lodge?

Flip. At the *Three Mariners*.

Miz. May my Ship's Anchor come home if it be not an arrant Baudy-House! The Husband keeps a Bom-boat, the Wife a Brandy-shop, and the two Daughters are let out to all Comers and Goers.

Wor. Indeed the House is very notorious; why don't you frequent the *India Arms*?

Flip. Because all the Fops and Beardless Boys of the Navy go there; besides, I think the Husband too Blind, and the Wife has too much Sight: But *Tom Cragg* and I were Boatswains Mates together. As to its being a Baudy-House, that is no Offence to me, for all Houses in Sea-Ports have been reckon'd so, ever since I pick'd Aukam: I suppose, Brother *Finical*, you don't know what that is.

Miz. Why, dear Commodore, do you think because we Gentlemen put on clean Shirts every Day, that we can't understand the Affairs of the Navy, as well as those who wear their Shirts till they are lousy? Do you think Nastiness gives you a Title to Knowledge?

Rov. Ay, as my Friend *Mizen* says, because Brutes are Sailors, can none be Sailors but Brutes?

Flip. I don't know what you mean by the Word Brute; but I can perceive that no Animal is so ridiculous as a Monkey, except it be his charming Imitator, a Beau.

Miz. Did you never see an unlick'd Bear? He, he, he.

Flip. He, he, he: Yes, I have Booby, what then?

Miz. Oh! dear Monster, be civil.

Flip.

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Flip. Bullets and Gun-powder, what do you mean !
If the Government did but know what a Swab thou art,
Thou'd be knighted for cutting thy Throat.

Rev. Oh ! fy, let's have no Quarrelling.

Miz. No, no, there's no fear of it ; the Commodore
knows the Length of my Sword, and nimble Turn of my
Wrist, too well to pick a Quarrel with me.

Flip. Why, thou canst only value thy self for being a
Fencing-Master : were we in a Saw-pit together, with
each a Blunderbuss, I'd try if I could not make a Sieve
of thy lac'd Jacket ; I'd soon singe thy Curls so, that thy
Wig thou'd hang like a Parcel of Rigging after an En-
gagement.

Wor. This has been the continual Diversion of our
Voyage.

Flip. Ay, ay, you're all alike. A Perriwig-maker
covers your Noddles, and a Dancing-Master gives you a
hitch in your Pace, but the Taylor finishes the Pop : I
find there's no bringing your Folly to an Anchor, so
long as the Wind blows strong in the Nonsensical Cor-
ner ; so fare you well. [Exit Flip.

All. Your Humble Servant.

Rev. 'Tis a wretched Fellow !

Miz. I have not Words to exprefs what a miserable
Plague he has been to me, besides a Charge ! Would
you believe it ? Split me on a Rock, if he did not one
Day break me forty Pounds worth of *China* !

Rev. For Heaven's sake where was it ?

Miz. Why, in my great Cabbin : I dare affirm it,
no Town-Lady's Withdrawing Room, nor Country Gen-
tlewoman's Closet is nicer furnish'd than my Cabbin ; 'tis
upholstered with most charming *India*, *Japan*, and
Looking-Glass ; I have a very noble Scrutore, and the
most celebrated Skreen in *Europe* : I have an Invention,
which makes the great Guns in my Cabbin appear to be
Elbow-Chairs cover'd with Cloth of *Tissue* : I have six
and thirty silver Sconces, and every Vacancy is cramm'd
with *China*.

Rev. These Rarities are worth seeing indeed.

Wor. Oh, he keeps a Visiting Day, you and I'll wait
on him.

Miz.

18 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Miz. I shall think my self prodigiously oblig'd to you: May be you'll see as great a Concourse of People as there is at a General's, when he returns Victorious Barges, Pinnaces, Deal-Yawls, and Long-Boats innumerable.

Row. Pray who visits you in the Long-Boats?

Miz. Why, *Dutch Admirals*. You must know range them into the following Order: my Barges I call Coaches and six, my Pinnaces are Chariots with twelve Horses, my Deal-Yawls are Sedans, and my Long-Boats Hackney-Coaches.

Wer. Very nice indeed.

Miz. All my Sconces are loaded with Wax Tapers; my Lieutenants and Warrant-Officers, nicely dress'd and perfum'd, place themselves on each side of my Steerage; my Midship-men and Quarters are rang'd from the Bulkhead to the Gang way, in my own white Shirt; the Ship's side is mann'd by my Boat's-Grew, in spruce Apparel and clean Gloves; and the rest of the Ship Company are ready upon all Occasions, to give Cheers and Huzza's according to the Quality of my Visitors.

Row. Well, and what Entertainment are we to meet with?

Miz. Why, I generally treat with Tea, but the modern way is to give nothing.

Row. Pshaw, methinks a Bowl of Punch would be most proper.

Wer. Oh beastly! we at Sea always smoak when we drink, and that would spoil all the gay Furniture.

Miz. Oh wretched! and the Stink would suffocate me.

Row. What is your Conversation?

Miz. We imitate the Ladies as near we can, and therefore scandalize every Body: We laugh at the ridiculous Management of the Navy-Board; pry into the Rogueries of the Victualling-Office; and tell the Names of those Clerks who were ten Years ago bare-foot, and are now Twenty-Thousand-Pound Men: We hear Stories of the scandalous Marriages of our Captains; the Leudness of some of their Wives, and the Meanness of the rest: Sometimes we quarrel about whose Ship sail

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best, who makes the finest Punch; or who has the greatest Hardships, by having great Mens Favourites put over their Heads: and I keep them within the Bounds of good Manners and Moderation.

Wor. That is a very great Point gain'd.

Miz. May I be keel-hawl'd, if any Man in the Universe has more reform'd the Navy than myself: I am now compiling a Book, wherein I mend the Language wonderfully; I leave out your Larboard and Starboard, Hawfers and Swabbs; I have no such thing as hawl Car hawl, nor Belay; silly Words, only fit for *Dutch*-men to pronounce. I put fine Sentences into the Mouths of our Sailors, deriv'd from the Manliness of the *Italian*, and the Softness of the *French*: And by that time I am made an Admiral, I doubt not of bringing every Sailor in the Navy to be more polite than most of our Country Genlemen; and the next Generation of them may pass very well for People of the first Quality. I'll get an Order for removing them from *Wapping* into the *Pall-mall*: and instead of frequenting Punch, Musick, and Budy-Houses, the Chocolate-Houses, Eating-Houses, and fine Taverns shall be oblig'd to receive them.

Enter to them a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Pray which is Captain *Worthy*?

Wor. Friend, I am he.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you.

Wor. Ha! *Dorcas Zeal*! oh let me kiss the Hand ten thousand times.

Rov. How keen a Sportsman a long Voyage makes a Man.

Wor. [Reads] *Friend Worthy, if thou hast not forgot thy old Acquaintance, give but thy self the Trouble of coming to the North End of the Town, where thou hast often vented thy Vows of Sincerity, and thou wilt most assuredly find thine.*

Dorcas Zeal.

Harkee, let the Lady know I'll wait on her instantly.

Miz.

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Miz. So, Brother, I find you have an Intrigue already; I suppose I sha'n't be much behind hand with you, for I expect a *Billet-Deux* from a ten thousand Pounder.

Rev. Prithee who is she?

Miz. Why, she's a *Quaker*: An intimate Acquaintance of mine has promised me his Assistance in stealing her for me.

Wor. Death and Hell! this is my Angel!

Rev. Patience! Man.

Miz. Now you must know, if we once get her upon the Beach, I whip her into my Boat, carry her on Board, marry her, lie with her, then come ashore and demand her Fortune; and after that, you know, if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the Cabbin-Window, and give out she had a Calenture, and so jump'd over-board. Well, dear Gentlemen, I must go and see about this Business; for such a Fortune is not to be neglected, especially when a Peace is so near. *[Exit.]*

Wor. Blood and Fire, what a Discovery's here!

Rev. Why truly it was a lucky one: I have a merry Thought comes into my Head; there's a *quondam* Friend of yours and mine, who in our sinful Days was very obliging to us.

Wor. What, *Jenny Private*?

Rev. The same.

Wor. Alas, poor Frailty! that once fair Pleasure-boat begins to lower her Sails, wears out in her Hulk, and sinks both in her Price and her Credit: besides, the new Reformation Wind blows so high, that every weather-beaten Vessel can't live in't.

Rev. Now for that very reason, a sudden charitable Design is got into this fruitful Noddle, of putting off this very Creature to *Mizen* for a Wife, a just Punishment upon him for his barbarous Designs upon thy *Dorcas*.

Wor. Nay, but Thanks to Heaven, we have discover'd the Villany, and I'll instantly to my *Dorcas*, and give her that due Caution as shall blow up his whole Conspiracy; and therefore mix a little Mercy with thy Justice.

Rev.

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Rev. No, I'll not carry on the Jest so cruelly as to undo the poor Dog neither; a little mortify him, but not ruin him.

Wor. I'll instantly then to my dear *Dorcas*, and make her our Confident in the Business: About an Hour hence I'll meet you at *Daniel's*, where we'll take a Sneaker of *Amy's* Punch; and afterwards spend our Evening with the Women; I'll send *Dorcas* to see *Belinda*, and there shall be the Rendezvous. [Exeunt ambo.]

Enter Dorcas Zeal, and Arabella.

Ara. Why, Sister, do you ever think to secure *Worthy* to yourself, with that senseless Religion of yours? He'll certainly laugh at the Pleats and Folds of your Sarfnet Hood, and the diminutive Air of your flat Cap.

Dor. Why look thee, *Arabella*, my Religion and Dress may seem strange unto thee, because thou art of the Church belonging to the Wicked; but I tell unto thee, *Worthy* loveth me so much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the Pure Ones. 'Tis true, thou art a facetious young Creature, and the Education my Aunt hath given thee, maketh thy Thoughts run much upon the Vanity of this World; and I suppose the Fortune my Father left thee, will be thrown into the Arms of one of the lewd Pillars of thy Steeple-House.

Ara. Look'ee, I'll have no Reflections upon Establishments. Liberty of Conscience gives you no Title to rail. I find you are resolv'd to persist in your whining Faith; 'tis one stubborn Article of your Cant: But I am well assur'd *Worthy* will force you to Church; if he don't, I'll part with my Maiden-head without a Husband.

Dor. And that thou art wild enough to do; but I pray thee none of this vain Raillery before *Worthy*, if thou hast any Expectation of my living in Sisterly Love and Charity with thee.

Ara. Oh, you should have snuffed that thro' the Nose. In short, I'll always teaze you; you that have Sense and Beauty, thus to deform those Heavenly Graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching
Airs,

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Airs, the tender Looks, and compassionate Words that Woman can invent, will draw *Worthy's* Love from you, I'll use them, and triumph in my Conquest.

Don. Poor vain Creature ! thou art handsome, it's true ; but thou hast not the Virtues of the Mind to ensnare him with. But see he comes, forbear thy Follies, I say forbear.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. [Embraces] This is a Reward for all my Labours ; the Fatigues of an hundred Voyages are forgot whilst I am in these Arms.

Don. Be not vain, flatter not ; 'tis base, 'tis mean, 'tis irreligious.

Wor. Dear Charmer, I am all Extasy.

Ara. So much of it, that, methinks you have forgot your Friends, good Captain.

Wor. Pardon me, Madam, (*Salutes her*) some of my Extrasies are due to you, for the Love I have to this Lady, makes me admire all her Relations.

Ara. Ay, wheedle her out of what she has ; get her Money, then use her like a Wife, turn her out of doors, and compound with her for a Maintenance.

Don. Sister, to shew thee that I think it is impossible for thee to debauch the Principles of my Friend *Worthy*, I now commit my self into his hands.

Wor. Which Blessing I receive with all the Joy imaginable : This is a Reward indeed for all my Services.

Don. Take to thy self my Hand, and thus I plight it with my Faith. Now, Sister, your threatening Words are vain, for all your Looks and Sighs can never take him from me.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha ; you see, *Worthy*, I have done the Work for you, reconciled even Contradiction it self, made the Flesh and the Spirit unite, and join'd an unsanctify'd Brother of the Wicked, to a sanctify'd Sister of the Godly Ones.

Don. Fye, Sister, do not triumph in my Weakness.

Ara. Thy Weakness ! No, thy Shame ; with all thy boasted Sanctity, to own before my Face a carnal

Incli-

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inclination ! Nay, and to put thy Hand to Pen and Paper to court him to thy Arms ! Out on thee ! I am sham'd of thee.

Dor. Nay, now thou art scurrilous ! I cannot bear it, thou raisest all the Blood into my Cheeks. Stay thou, dear *Worthy*, and rebuke her for it, whilst I recover a while to recover my Confusion, and then I'll see her again. [Exit *Dor.*

Wor. Fye, *Arabella*, could you have the Heart to treat that innocent Thing so roughly ? Nay, by Heavens I'm amaz'd ! I cannot guess the meaning of all this.

Ara. Fye, stupid *Worthy*, can't you apprehend the reason why I study to make a Breach betwixt my Sister and your self ?

Wor. 'Tis all a Mystery to me !

Ara. Spare a Virgin's Blushes, and let your Apprehensions tell you what my trembling Tongue is loath to utter.

Wor. Fine Heroicks, truly ! I'm too well acquainted with your manner of Bantering, to take notice of any thing you say ; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's last dear Words wrapt up my Soul to diviner Contemplation.

Ara. Must I then say I love, and be refus'd ? consider my Fortune's equal to my Sister's ; my Face and my Religion too, I think, may vye with hers.

Wor. Your Words are spoke with a Sound of Truth, and were I not engag'd by ten thousand Oaths, I should have Manlike Vanity enough to think what you say real.

Ara. The Inequality of the Match between you, soon solves you from such empty Vows : I own I long have lov'd, and, before your last Voyage, intended to discover it to you, but you unexpectedly sail'd. I never believ'd you had a real Passion for my Sister, her Religion and her Principles being soaverse to yours.

Wor. Madam, I know my own Unworthiness too well to believe you are in earnest ; but were it so, my Honour tells me I must not be so base as to wrong your Sister. The Resolution she has made will soon be void, when I tell her your Romanick Story, which she don't

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don't believe, I'll strive to make her do it. Pardon my Absence, dear Madam, for I'm impatient until undeceive her. [Exit]

Ara. And is my Youth, my Beauty, and my Fortune thus despis'd! By Heavens, I hate him now, and am resolv'd to muster up all the Spirit of my Sex to meditate Revenge: The Plots of Plays, and the Designs of injur'd Lovers I'll instantly peruse, and make them all my own. [Exit]

Enter Dorcas, Worthy following.

Wor. By all my Honour and my Love 'tis true; and more, she lov'd, and said she had done long.

Dor. Nay, then I am convinc'd her Fallhood's great. I ne'er express'd a Satisfaction for thee, but still strove to cool my Friendship, by strange Stories of Inconstancy and Unfaithfulness, which I must own ne'er believ'd.

Wor. Kind Creature! since by envious ways she strives to break the Cord of our united Hearts, let us instantly put it out of her's and Fortune's Power.

Dor. To-morrow then I will beathine, according to the foolish Custom of thy Church, the Priest shall join our Hands.

Wor. Then I am compleatly blest! — Now I must tell you I have discover'd a most villainous Design against your Person.

Dor. As how!

Wor. This Day you were to have been stolen by a nauseous Coxcomb of the Navy; 'twas luckily discover'd by *Rowewell* and myself, who hope to counterplot the Design so far as to punish the vain Fop's Intentions: you meet us about two hours hence at *Belinda's*, you then shall know the whole Story.

Dor. I had Thoughts of spending this Evening with her; I'll go to her instantly, for she is so much my Friend that she will be overjoy'd thou art arriv'd: But I think I will not mention the Vileness of my Sister, lest she becometh a Laughing-Stock unto the whole Town.

Wor.

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Wor. Do as you think fit in that: Adieu, my Soul.

Dor. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Enter Flip's Coxen, to him a Sailor.

Sail. Oh, Coxen, have I found you! Yonder's the Commadore swearing and storming as if the Ship had struck on a Rock; there's all the Boat's Crew with him, excepting yourself; he sets with as good a Bucket of Flip before him, as e'er was toss'd up betwixt the Stem and Stern of a Ship.

Cox. A Pox of his Kindness, I'd rather be in an Engagement of twenty four Hours, than mess with him to Night; I know his way well enough, he makes us half-Seas over, and then we grow saucy; then after shipping in two or three Ladles full more, we fancy we're all before the Mast, and so shall go together by the Ears: for which, as soon as we come on Board; there's Whips, Pickles, Guns, Gears, and Bilboes for us all.

Sail. Pshaw, pshaw, who would not stand all this, to have their upper and lower Teer well stow'd with Flip? besides, we shall each of us have a Whore at his Charge.

Cox. Ay, and so be clap'd: If he wou'd force the Surgeon to cure us at the Government's Charge, it wou'd be a mighty Encouragement to us; but our Rogue of a Loblolly Doctor, being not satisfy'd with his Twopences, must have a Note for two Months Pay for every Cure; and the last time the Ship was paid, between the Officers, and the Sailors, he swept above half the Ship's Company's Money into his own Hat.

Sail. That's a Grievance truly; but come prithee go, for an the Commadore gets into his Trantrum Humours, there's no coming within a Cable's length of him.

Cox. Ay, that's true, therefore bear a hand.

[*Exit running.*]

End of the First Act.

B

A C T

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A C T II.

Enter Sir Charles Pleasant, Lieutenant Cribidge, and Lieutenant Easy.

Plea. **W**H Y, by your report, old *Flip* makes your Life a very uneasy one : thank Heaven, my Captain has another way of Management ; with the affable, easy and genteel Air, he gains Applause from all.

Easy. I know he's a Gentleman, by being civil to our Corp ; 'tis only the Brutes of the Navy that we Marine Officers disagree with.

Crib. Why I believe I shall frighten the old Pimp into some Civility ; for that Day we came to anchor, he had some Friends aboard : In the height of their Mirth, I was call'd into the Cabbin ; the Negro fills a Glass, and hands it over his Shoulder, with a Here, Lieutenant, will you drink ? I made as if I would take it, but overset it in his Collar, laid the Fault upon him, and pretending to be wet myself, went out of the Cabbin in a Passion.

Easy. Pho, these are small Faults, and natural to you Subs of the Navy ; but the old Dog had the Impudence to confine me three Months to my Cabbin, only for knocking down a Boatswain's Mate that had struck one of my Marines ; nay, if it had not been for Captain *Worthy*, would have broke me at a Court-Martial. If the Colonels of our Corp don't hinder this rascally Imposition upon us, no body will buy Commissions of them.

Plea. That is a new Trick put upon you Gentlemen, and I fear will breed ill Blood amongst us.

Easy.

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Easy. Hang it, we agree well enough with all the young Fellows, 'tis the old Sots that hate we should come aboard them.

Crib. We agree well enough upon an equal Par; but most of you stay ashore till all the Money's gone, and then you come aboard and expect to mess with us: Who must find fresh Provisions for you?

Plea. We often slight them for their Poverty indeed; but hang it, what a strange want of Mercury do we young Fellows shew, to have been a ten Months Voyage, safely return'd, and landed two Hours, without having been among the Females! There's many a Lad in the Navy gets a Clap before the Ship's moor'd.

Easy. I believe my Friend *Cribidge* is in a better Condition to give than to receive one.

Crib. I cou'd wish a Punk of my noble Captain's was well pepper'd with it, I would fain see the old Dog snuffle once.

Plea. The Design's good, but first let's have a Sneaker of Punch.

Easy. With all my Heart; I'll just go and draw a Bill upon our Agent, get some Necessaries for the Men, cheat my Captain a little in the Sum Total, and wait upon you immediately.

[*Indent crosses the Stage, Exit.*]

Crib. See, yonder's *Indent* our Purser, gone to *Daniel's*, he'll be glad to be of our Company.

Plea. A very honest Fellow, and keeps a much better Character in the Navy, than People of his Employ generally do.

Crib. Why the Fellow has liv'd well; he was bred a Mercer in *Covent-Garden*, was ruin'd by a Whore of his own, and a Bully of his Wife's; but manag'd his Matters so well, he clear'd himself of a Goal by a Commission of Bankrupt, without forswearing himself, which is the only Precedent of that nature since the Act was made.

Plea. They say his Wife's handsome.

Crib. She was, when but Eighteen; but Whoring, and the Misfortunes which commonly follow that, has

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made her look somewhat haggard, tho' but three and twenty.

Plea. If the young Wenches of Fifteen did but consider that the Vices of the Age ruin their Beauty more than the Small-Pox, their Pride would make them virtuous in spite of their Inclinations.

Crib. Why, as you say, Sir *Charles*, a virtuous Woman keeps her Complexion tolerably well till five and Twenty, when a Whore is fain to borrow one of Mr. *White* and *Red* before she comes of Age.

Plea. By the Sense that you and I have of the Vanities of the World, it looks as if he had a mind to quit our Royal Mistress, and enter aboard some Merchant-Man for a Matrimonial Voyage.

Crib. Why, if she's richly laden, I could be content to go Chief Mate.

Plea. And I suppose mutiny, as *Avery* did; turn your Captain ashore, then set up for a Pirate; and like *Drawcanfir* in the *Rehearsal*, kill both Friends and Foes.

Crib. A pretty Simile for Matrimony and Whoring.

Plea. If we chime into Harmony so well already, we may expect a Bowl of *Daniel's* Punch will make us talk like the Musick of the Spheres.

Crib. Why methinks there's a Tune in every Go-down from a Punch-Bowl.

Plea. I wonder our coxcomby Poets don't write some fine Encomiums upon that heavenly Compound.

Crib. Why the Fellows are damnably poor, and not having Money enough to buy Victuals, drink the Lees of Sack to take away their Stomachs, which raises their Fancies no higher than a Lady's Fan, her Busk, or her Lap-Dog.

Plea. Faith the Poets of this Age are not so poor as those of the last, they have Wit enough to write themselves into good Places.

Crib. That is by wheedling a sort of People who love Flattery better than Wit.

Enter

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Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, Lieutenant *Eafy*, and Purser *Indent*, would be glad to kiss your Hands at our House.

Plea. A polite Message: Tell them we'll do our selves the Honour immediately.

Draw. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Plea. Come, *Cribidge*,

Let's drink away our dismal Storms and Cares,

Those slavish Hardships that a Sailor bears:

Whilst proud Britannia may securely boast,

She safely sleeps whilst we secure her Coast. [*Ex. Ambo.*]

Enter Rovewel, meeting Worthy.

Rov. So, dear *Worthy*, once more well met; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our Design?

Wor. Part of it.

Rov. As how?

Wor. I'll tell you at *Daniel's*: But have you engag'd *Jenny*?

Rov. Oh, as you cou'd wish; the *Jade* is as overjoy'd, as a *Dean* at the Death of a *Bishop*; and to make our Story good, I have invited *Mizen* to the *India-Arms*, where I have order'd her to write to him. Will *Dorcas* meet us at *Belinda's*?

Wor. She will.

Rov. Come on then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Bar at Daniel's, Drawers, &c.*
Bar-Maid.

Enter Sir Charles Pleasant and Cribidge.

Plea. What does my pretty *Bar-Maid* keep her Beauty still? I know thou'rt virtuous, because the *Blue* of the *Plumb* is not wore off yet.

B 3

Bar.

30 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Bar. Thanks to my own Honesty if I am so then, for here's rakish Lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young Virgins in the Country, if they had but Money; but the Government keeps them poor, or we should have a wretched Life with them.

Crib. Then nothing but Money is able to debauch you; prithee how great a Sum will fit you to Lewdness?

Bar. Not your eighteen Months Pay, added to the pinch of your Hat, and dangling of your Cane.

Plea. Well said, *Nanny*, kiss me, and tell him you are Meat for his Masters.

Bar. Pshaw, I wonder at you [*Kisses her.*] you are all alike for that.

Crib. Fye, Sir *Charles*, why did you kiss her; you see she likes it not; come, my Dear, I'll take it off again. [*Kisses her.*]

Bar. Oh intolerable! I'll ne'er complain of a Fool again, for fear of being plagu'd with a worse; show a Room there.

Draw. Sir, if you please, *Purser Indent* is this way. [*They follow, Exeunt.*]

Enter Mizen.

Miz. Thou divine pretty Bud of Beauty, one always finds you in your Cabbins, 'chalking upon your Log-board there.

Bar. If every body would but mind their own Business, I might sit still here; but we have so many horning Monsters of the Navy use our House, that one had better be a Punk amongst Footmen, and ply in the Upper Gallery, than be plagued with them.

Miz. Well you shall see in a few Months, how the Navy will be reform'd; all the Sea-Officers will be so full of Manners, that they shall look like a parcel of Beaus in a Side-Box, or a Chocolate-house. [*A Noise within.*]

Bar. Do but listen, they are got to Horse and Bear, the constant Diversion of their Lives.

Miz. Indeed, I blush for them, my dear Angel.

[*Kisses her.*]

Enter

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Enter Roverwell and Worthy.

Wor. Ha ! Brother Tar, what so close, and in public too ! if you take this Freedom in the Eye of the World, what would you do in private ?

Bar. I don't know what he may do in private ; but I hope you don't suspect me, Captain ?

Wor. Not in the least, dear Nanny ; thy known Virtue, and prudent Management, is somewhat above the Censure of the World.

Bar. Oh, your Servant Sir.

Rov. 'Tis a strange thing to see how Vice loves to be flatter'd ! there's scarce a Punk in Town, be she never so notorious, but would fain be thought virtuous ; and hates to be call'd Whore, even from the Fellow that made her so.

Bar. I never expect your good Word, Mr. Roverwell, I have deny'd you the Favour too often.

Rov. Why, I may have ask'd you the Question when drunk ; but assure yourself I repented of it when sober.

Bar. Lard, you need not be angry with yourself for it, I have deny'd several Admirals.

Rov. And at the same time have taken up with their Coxens.

Bar. Sir, you grow scurrilous.—Shew a Room there.

Wor. Mind him not, he's a splenetick Fellow ; has my Lieutenant, Sir *Charles Pleasant*, been here ?

Bar. He's now in the House with Lieutenant *Cribidge*, *Eafy*, and Purser *Indent*.

Wor. Come ; we'll join Companies, they're all honest Fellows.

Miz. With all my Heart ; if they're brutish, I'll try to reform them.

Draw. This way, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

2 *Draw.* A Sneaker of Punch in the Crown, score.

3 *Draw.* A Can of small Beer, a Quart of Brandy, and a Pound of Sugar in the Kitchen, score.

4 *Draw.* A Box of Dice for the *Mermaid*.

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1 Draw. Make the great Bowl full for the Gentlemen in the *Fleecer*.

Bar. So, it begins to work in each Room, and I must be plagued this whole Night. [Scene shuts.]

Enter Belinda and Advocate.

Bel. I used to be troubled with the impertinent Visits of *Rovewell* three or four times a Day: *Prithee Advocate*, what's become of the *Coxcomb*?

Advoc. Oh! Madam, the *Virginia Fleet's* come in; and Captain *Worthy*, his old Acquaintance, is on Shore. They are inseparable Friends.

Bel. Why then I hate him: for if he won't sacrifice his All to my Humour, I'll ne'er part with the Freedom I enjoy, to be that dull insipid thing a Wife, to please his Humour.

Advoc. Well, Madam, you play with him as a Cat plays with a Mouse; you fret him and tease him till he'll get away from you at last.

Bel. Impertinent Creature! do you think I value the Loss of a Fellow? The Red, the Blue, and the White Flags die for me.

Advoc. Ay, Madam, they are married Men; but have you a Gentleman, whose Sense, whose Reputation, whose Courage is to be nam'd in a Day, with that charming Man's, Mr. *Rovewell*?

Bel. How insipidly the Fool talks! if a Fellow without a Nose shou'd bribe thee as much as *Rovewell* has done, you would say as much in his Behalf. Why should we make such unfaithful Creatures as our Chambermaids are, our Confidants!

Advoc. Why, Madam, there's no Posts without Perquisites; since you Ladies have found out the way of trucking your old Cloaths for *China* (which was our due time out of mind) I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your Hearts away for a much brittler Ware.

Bel. Ay, *Advocate*, I should like that brittle Ware, a Husband, well enough, if one cou'd but break him, or give him away as one does *China*.

Advoc.

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Advoc. Oh, Madam, 'tis easy to break his Heart; and if you don't do it effectually when e'er you marry, I'll be content to die a Chamber-Maid. But see, Madam, the *Fair Quaker* is come to visit you.

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. Friend *Belinda*, I am come resolved to chat away the Evening with thee.

Bel. My pretty Saint, thou'rt welcome. I need not ask you how *Worthy* does, I see it in your Eyes; the demure Aspect is vanish'd, and you begin to look like one of us.

Dor. Why, I am Flesh and Blood as well as thou art; and did not my Spirit get the better of my Clay, I should be vain as thou art.

Bel. Come, leave canting, and tell me where is my *Arabella*?

Dor. Why, I left her at home, not well; but may be she may see us anon.——Know, Friend *Belinda*, that I have at last got Faith enough to put my Trust in Man: *Worthy* and I have plighted Troths.

Bel. Why then the Flesh has got the better of the Spirit.

Dor. If thou wouldst prove a Friend indeed, thou must give thy self over unto *Rovewell*.

Bel. So because you have done a foolish thing, I must keep you in Countenance; no truly, I'll be confin'd to none of your Fellows.

Dor. Come, dissemble not, you know the Man is assuredly thy own.

Bel. Why, is it not better to say the Fellow's mine, than I his?

Dor. For thee it may be better; but what thinkest thou the World will say?

Bel. Why, not worse of me than I say of the World. But to keep thee no longer in suspence, I won't make a Vow of Chastity, nor will I forswear having the Fellow *Rovewell*: I don't know, but one time or another, when I am in a very magotty Humour, I may

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marry the Creature. Come into my Closet, and I'll
tell thee more of my Mind. [Exeunt ambo.]

Advoc. It is impossible to tell, whether this Mistress
of mine will ever have *Roverwell* or not; but since he
pays me well, I'll teaze and wheedle in his behalf; and
if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern Husband.
Well, if I cou'd get a Lover upon the first popping of
the Question; to fly into his Arms, and so good night
Maidenhead. It shews a wonderful Folly in Mankind,
to whine and snivel after these coy peevish things;
bless me! if they knew the way into a Lady's Heart
so well as I do, there wou'd be no Sighing and Ogling,
no Presents or Serenading, no dying at a Lady's Feet:
Let them take the shortest way with the Dissenters, and
the Business is done. [The Bell Rings.] Coming, coming.
[Exit.]

Enter Jenny Private and a Sailor.

Jen. So, I think I am equipt like one of the Right-
eous; I am overjoy'd at the Intrigue, and shall be
pleas'd to see myself a real Captain's Lady; I am sure I
have been a sham one to many of them. Let me see, my
Letter is penn'd in a true canting Form; my Name is
Dorcas Zeal, and my Fortune ten thousand Pound. Well,
if I do not act the Babe of Grace, the formal Quaking
Saint, with as much outside Sanctity, as a new-enter'd
Nun, or an old Mother Abbess, I'll be content to truss
up like *James Nailor*.—Here, Sailor, carry this to Cap-
tain *Mizen*; then follow Captain *Worthy's* Orders.

Sail. Ay Friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look
out sharp.

Jen. Now to the Place of Rendezvous.

*And there, with Look demure, I'll pass for Saint;
No such fair Colour as Religious Paint.*

[Exit.]

SCENE

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SCENE *draws and discovers* Rovewell, Worthy, Mizen, Sir Charles Pleasant, Cribidge, Easy, and Purser Indent.—*A Bowl of Punch.*

Rov. Come, her Majesty's Health in a Bumper, and may she live for ever.

Wor. And may all her Subjects be as true to her as we are.

Mizen. May they all take as much Pains to put her Affairs, Civil and Military, into as good order as I do. May I be hoisted over a Ship's Side, with a Tackle hook'd to a running Bowling, with a Knot under my left Ear, if I don't make her Navy one of the greatest Navies in the Universe.

Plea. Why, Sir, 'tis that already.

Miz. Ay, but Sir *Charles*, I don't mean a fighting Navy, for that's the least Part of our Business: I am for a polite Navy:—That is, a Navy full of Sense and good Manners; a Navy of proper, handsome, well-drest Fellows; that when it appears abroad, may be the Wonder of the World, for glittering, shining Coats, powder'd Wigs, Snuff-Boxes, and fashionable Airs.

Easy. So then, Sir, you are for saluting away the Queen's Powder.

Crib. No, he's for turning the Gun-Powder into Sweet-Powder, and the Iron Balls into Wash-Balls.

Miz. Well, Gentlemen, you'll have no Cause to complain at my Design.

Rov. Why, if thou shouldst offer this to an old Captain of the Navy, he'd bring thee to a Court-Martial, and break thee for being crazy.

Miz. Oh, Sir, before I laid my Design at the Parliament-Door, I'd get an Order from the Admiralty to send all the Tar-Captains to the *West-Indies*.

Easy. What then, Sir?

Miz. Why then, Sir, they would lay down their Commissions, and so the Navy would be rid of them.

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Crib. That last Intention I like wonderfully; then we young Fellows might have hopes of jumping into Fifty-Gun Ships.

Row. But, *Mizen*, I have been thinking if the old Captains will not go to the *West-Indies*; pray, who shall we get to go?

Miz. Why these young Fellows.

Sir Charles. Ay, with all our Hearts, Faith: But suppose the Lot should fall upon yourself, Captain?

Miz. Oh, there's no fear of that, I know where to fix a Present to some body, that shall be nameless, to keep me off the List.

Wor. Indeed, that is prudent Management: I know Men of the Party, who quit when they're nominated; but soon after, by the help of Friends and Merits, they get better Ships.

Miz. You may think it Friendship, if you please; but there's nothing done in this World without Money.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Is Captain *Mizen* here?

Miz. I am he, Friend, what want you, Sir?

Sail. Why, here's a Ticket for you.

Miz. Ha! ——— *Dorcas Zeal!* oh Extasy! oh Transport! [*Reads.*] Friend, — I am inform'd thou hast a liking to my Person; my Neighbour hath inform'd me thou art a sober good Man. I am now walking towards Deal-Castle, where, if thy Pretensions are sincere, we will consult about the Matter thy Friend spoke to me of this day. I should not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that passing by me at thy first Landing, I beheld thy comely Person, and liked it; and therefore use this Plainness with thee, as becometh a Sister of that Congregation that hateth Ceremonies. Be secret, for Worthy is thy Rival, but his Pretensions will prove vain; for my Heart is thine.

Dorcas Zeal.

Miz. Oh, thou dear Creature! ——— But hush! no Transports before Arrival: Poor Worthy, how thy weak Foundation totters! How sneakingly would the poor Mortal look, if he saw this Letter! Well, *Dorcas* has

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has seen me, and I have shot her with a side Glance. What a refined Creature is a sweet Beau, to a homely coarse Tar; to carry off the Prize at one single Attack, which that dull Rogue has been laying a whole Year's Siege to! But come, Gentlemen, about with the Glafs. Here, *Worthy*, here's thy Mistress's Health.

Wor. I thank you, Sir.

Miz. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown Fair; here's honest *Roverwell* has made me a small Piece of a Confidant in thy Amour. Well, old Boy, when the Consummation-day comes with thy sanctified Bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane Stocking——and to her Health.

[*Drinks.*

Rov. Here's a Dog!

[*Aside.*

Wor. Well, *Mixen*, to resume thy Compliment, when that happy Day does come, I'll bespeak thee for a Bride-man.

Miz. Nay, that will be too great an Honour. But cry ye mercy Gentlemen, I have a small Affair to dispatch, I must be forced to borrow my self from your Company; but upon my Honour, I'll return again in a very few Moments.

[*Exit.*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha; the Rogue swallows the Bait as we cou'd wish.

Sir Ch. What, some ridiculous Intrigue on foot? Pray let us join with you in your Mirth.

Crib. Nothing diverts so much, as using a Coxcomb according to his Deserts.

Easby. And so exquisite a Coxcomb as this, can't be used too ill.

Rov. Why, the Design is pretty severe; he is gone to marry *Jenny Private*, an old *quondam* Punk.

Ind. This will be a noble Revenge for his Impertinence: Oh, Lieutenant! would we could clap such a Trick upon our Brute of a Commadore.

Rov. Ay, that may be done; I have just such another blind Bargain for him too.

Wor. Come, to your good Success: The marrying these two Coxcombs, may provoke them to hang themselves which will be a meritorious Service to the Navy.

Sir

38 *The Fair Quaker of Deal : Or,*

Sir Cha. Oh for a Vacancy, that dear Delight to us young Fellows : Ha, *Cribidge !*

Crib. Ay, the two Ships would serve us nicely.

Eafy. Then we should have Commissions to wet.

Rov. So, the Bowl sucks ; empty is the Word.

Ind. Pray, Gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this Bowl.

All. Oh, by no means, *Purser.*

Ind. Pray, Gentlemen, let it be so ; come Captain *Worthy*, I may be your *Purser* one time or another.

Wor. Why, if you shou'd, it won't be much to your Advantage ; For I ne'er allow my *Purser* to oppress the Men ; nor will I keep a whole Ship's Crew miserable, to make one Man rich.

Ind. Oh, Sir, I don't desire that, Sir ; but you are so fine a Gentleman, Sir, that you won't hinder me from those common Perquisites allow'd to all *Pursers*.

Sir Cha. The Word Perquisite comprehends a great deal of Roguery ; and under that Notion, the Government is sufficiently cheated.

Ind. Ay, Sir, but all People have regard to the Methods of the Navy.

Wor. Why yes, *Purser*, I own you may plead Custom for abundance of Villanies committed in the Navy : But we have now got Men of Honour at the Helm, who will not suffer Rogues to go unpunish'd.

Crib. It has been the Method, to let a stinking But of Beer stand six Days abroach ; and when Complaint is made, the Captain (who should do the Sailors Justice) punishes the complaining Rascal for Mutiny.

Sir Cha. It has been the Method for Cooks, with Pitch-Forks sharp, to squeeze the Fat from out the Meat, for fear the Grease should rise in poor Jack Sailor's Stomach.

Eafy. It has been the Method, to waste a Pound to Ounces Ten ; which makes the Bread, the Butter, and the Cheese, a poor Allowance for those hard working Men.

Rov. In short, what with Chest-Money, Hospitals, Slops, Two-Pences, Groats, and Mulcts, they're mere Galley-Slaves.

Sir

The Humours of the Navy. 39

Sir Cha. The Captain uses them like Dogs, which forces them to run away; the chequering Clerk puts on the R. and then the Purser loads their Pay with Slops they never had, and so cheats the Queen and Subjects 100.

Ind. Why, you may rail at these Proceedings; but when you stand the Captain and the Purser 100, you'll often wish to be indenting; half Money, and half Stores, have tempted most of you.

Wor. Come, no more since we have discover'd you, I hope you'll let us pay our Clubs.

Ind. No, faith Gentlemen, I'll treat you for all this: you mighty Pretenders to Honour are not much unlike Whores, who rail at that which they most commonly practise.

Rov. Come, *Worthy*, we must away. *Sir Charles* your Company is desired too: we must spend this Evening at *Belinda's*. But stay, *Cribidge*, I must have one private Whisper with thee by the way; *Revenge* is the Word, and I must engage thee in the Plot.

Crib. Ay, most willingly in such a Cause.

Rov. If we succeed in this Farce, it will be a most noble Revenge.

For Brutes and Fools were only made for sport;

Nothing is like a Coxcomb to divert.

They cure the Spleen, and make the Toils of Life

An easy Burden, and a pleasing Strife.

[Exeunt omnes.]

End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III.

Enter Jenny Private.

Jen. SURE the Sailor has mistook, and given my Letter to a wrong Person; my Heart goes pitt-a-patt, for fear I should not succeed. But see, he comes!

Enter Mizen.

Miz. So, that must be my *Quaker*, by her sanctified Air.——Madam, Madam.

Jen. Would you ought with me, Friend?

Miz. Only to desire the Favour of you, to give me Leave to throw my Soul at your Feet; My Name is *Mizen*, I came hither by Appointment from your fair Hands.—She is very beautiful! Board me else. [*Aside.*]

Jen. If thy Sincerity is answerable to the Character my Friend hath given me of thee, I am content, according to his Desire, to be thy Help-Meet.

Miz. Well, [*Aside.*] old *Scruple* is a prevailing Rogue, and deserves the fifty Guineas, poss.——Oh my Charmer! I have been long sighing and wishing for this Opportunity, and hope you'll now give me Leave to make the best of my Time.

Jen. Will you change your vain Religion then? Will you stand fast to the Faith? In Perseverance, will you come over to the Congregation of the Upright? Will you put off these gaudy Cloaths, those Vanity of Vanities?

Miz. Yea verily, I will put off my Gaudiness, I will strip myself to the Nakedness of the Spirit.

Jen. Why then thou hast overcome me, and verily I will be thine in a few Months.

Miz.

The Humours of the Navy. 41

Miz. Oh thou lovely Lamb, set not so terrible a Time; the Spirit moveth me to make thee Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone, before the Sun shineth again.

Jen. I have some Fears upon me, that thy Eagerness to my Person, may proceed from a Desire thou hast to my Money.

Miz. Why, I say, thy Fears are uncharitable; for hadst thou nothing, nor that neither, my Zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

Jen. Then I am satisfied; and accordingly here is my Hand.

Miz. Why I am transported to the highest Extasies! Look'e, my Boat waiteth on the Beach for me: If thy Yawnings are as great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thyself upon the Deep along with me: I have on Board my Ship, a Man call'd a *Chaplain*, which, according to our Establishment, will link us together.— Turn me Keel upwards, if ever I carry'd on an Intrigue better in my Life.

[*Aside.*

Jen. Well, thou art a powerful Man; and I submit myself unto thee: But can help thee to one of thy Priests ashore. Admirably well manag'd.

[*Aside.*

Miz. Come, my Spirit, my Light, my Light of my Light, and——humph——let us go then.

[*Exeunt, hugging her.*

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, and Sir Charles Pleasant.

Wor. So, off goes the Boat, and there's a Punk provided for.

Sir Cha. Merry be his Heart: This will put such a Damp upon his Undertakings, that we shall be troubled no more with his nonsensical Whimseys, about reforming the Navy.

Rov. I wish all our Friends were as well provided for as *Jenny*.

Wor. Why faith so do I: for when I enter the sacred Bonds, I'll give a Receipt in full to Lewdness, shake Hands with Vice, and bid adieu to Immorality.

Rov.

Miz.

42 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Rev. And I am resolved to make the best of Husbands.

Sir Cha. These are pious Designs truly: I begin myself to be out of Conceit with Wickedness; and could I but succeed in my Amour to *Arabella*, I should willingly bid adieu to all the frail Part of Mortality. But she has used me so unmercifully, that I quite despair of Success.

Wor. Prithee, *Sir Charles*, Matters are not gone so far as to throw thee into Desperation.

Rev. Let me alone to make up the Match: *Sir Charles*, 'tis a pretty Play-thing in time of Peace, which if some Care is not taken, these victorious Generals of ours will bring it to; and a Sea-Lieutenant with only Half-a-Crown a Day, will never agree with your Quality.

Sir Cha. I am wholly at your Devotion.

Rev. Come on then, let's to *Belinda's*, where we shall see her.

Wor. I fear her late Disappointment will hinder her from appearing abroad this Evening; 'tis only *Belinda* has Interest enough to bring her. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cribidge, Easy, and Jiltup.

Jilt. My dear Puppies, if you make me a Captain's Lady, my Husband shall hang himself, that there may be a Vacancy for one of you.

Crib. Why you must make use of all your Cunning to draw him into the Noose; get him but to the Word Parson, and I, like his evil Genius, will appear to him: You won't be the only Jilt married to a Sea-Captain this Day.

Jilt. How say you?

Easy. Why, Mrs. *Jenny Private*, through the Intrigues, Instigations and Temptations of *Beau Mizen*, is gone on board his Ship, in order to be his lawful Spouse.

Jilt. Ods my Life, my Cousin *Jenny*! If such common Strumpets as she meet with such good luck, what must a Woman of my known Virtue and modest Conversation expect?

Crib. Why then you make Degrees in Whoring?

Jilt.

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Jilt. Oh ever: she that is a Bastard-bearing Whore, is the most notorious; she that lies with half the Town, and does it privately, is a prudent Whore; she that gets Money by it, is a mercenary Whore; she that does it generously, and bare-fac'd, is a Whore of Honour.

Crib. Very nice Distinctions truly.

Easy. I wonder, since you are so numerous a Body of People, you don't get a Charter: It will raise a considerable Tax to the Government; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great Mens keeping you.

Jilt. Why really Settlements are very comfortable Things; and our Gentry, how sneaking soever they are to their Creditors, are most generous to our Faculty.

Crib. Come toss us up a Bowl of the best, to enable us to go through with this great Work. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arabella and Justice Scruple.

Scrup. I am somewhat troubled your Sister is gone abroad, because I had a Business to impart to her of very great Consequence.

Ara. If you please to leave your Affairs to me, I'll acquaint her with them.

Scrup. Why, upon second Thoughts, you might do my Business as well as she.

Ara. Suppose it, Sir, what is't?

Scrup. Why, there is a Friend of mine, who is what the World calleth a fine Gentleman; he is endow'd with a plentiful Estate, and is Captain of a good Sixty-Gun Ship; has Interest enough to get a good Station, has spoke to me to recommend him to your Sister. Now I have consider'd, that you being of his Religion, may suit better with his Temper than your Sister.

Ara. His Name, his Name, Sir?

Scrup. Why People call him Captain *Mizen*.

Ara. Oh! I have heard of the finical Coxcomb! you have lost your Labour with me, Sir, and therefore pray keep him for my Sister.

Scrup. Verily, if her Sister answereth me so, its probable I may lose my five hundred Guineas which the Captain

44 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Captain has promised me, for making up the Match I will in the Morning take her Fasting; which I believe to be the best Time to try a Woman's Inclinations. [Exit

Enter Arabella's Maid.

Ara. So, the old Rascal's gone: These Psalm-singing Match-makers are worse than your irreligious Bawds for the latter only betray our Maiden-heads and our Reputations, when these religious Rogues are for betraying our Fortunes, our Freedoms, our Pleasure, our every Thing.

Maid. Ay, but Madam, to be settled in the World what we all aim at, and Marriage is honourable.

Ara. So was the Knighthood formerly; but now the both grow odious.——Have you wrote those Letters I gave you to copy?

Maid. I have, Madam, and here they are.

Ara. You'll get some body to deliver this Packet to my Sister whilst she's at *Belinda's*?

Maid. Yes, Madam, I have a small *Mercury* already prepar'd for it.

Ara. Well;——and this Letter, in which I have so well counterfeited my Brother's Hand, that my Sister will ne'er discover it.

Maid. But can you hope, Madam, by this Intrigue to make Captain *Worthy* yours?

Ara. No, Fool; nor were he dying at my Feet would I receive him. My Design is to make my Sister hate him; nothing this World calls dear, can equal the Pleasure of seeing him ill used by her.

Maid. I fear, Madam, it will be past your Skill to break the Lover's Knot that rivets them together.

Ara. Fear not, Girl, my Sister's Zeal will overwhelm her carnal Passion; and our Story is so plausible, she can't but believe it.

Maid. I wish all may prove as you design it; I'm wholly disposed to follow whatever your Commands are pleas'd to lay upon me.

Ara.

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Ara. Send the Letter to my Sister by a Hand you
are trust, and then come into my Chamber.

Maid. I'll instantly about it, Madam. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

SCENE draws, and discovers Flip, Coxen,
and six Sailors.

Flip. Sirrah, don't you flinch your Ladle; he that
will do that, will run down into the Hold in an Engage-
ment, or say his Prayers in a Storm.

1 Sailor. Why, I'm married, Sir, and must lie with
my Wife to Night, which I have not done this eighteen
Months.

Flip. You Rogue, can't you get drunk first, and lie
with her afterwards?

1 Sailor. Ay, Sir, but my ill Quality is, when I get
drunk, I beat my Wife immoderately, and kick her out of
Doors; which I would not willingly do the first Night.

Flip. Oh! I'll save you the trouble of that, Hell-
bird, you shall go on board to Night, and shan't see
your Wife these two Months.

1 Sailor. Oh! then, Sir, I'll be drunk with all my
Heart.

Flip. Come; Confusion to all the Fops and Cox-
combs of the Navy! when I am at the Helm, I'll root
the Rogues from thence: as for you, Coxen, I'll make
you Captain, and all the Boats Crew shall be Lieutenants.

2 Sailor. Look'e, I'll be no Lieutenant; I'll be a
Captain the first Stroke.

Flip. Why, what Pretensiveness have you to it, Sirrah?

2 Sailor. My Pretensiveness to it is, Sir, that I was
rated Able, when your Worship was Ordinary.

Flip. That's no Rule, Sirrah, for at that rate I should
be King of the Seas now; for I was a Midshipman,
when some that shall be nameless, were Swabbers of
the Upper-Gun Deck.

3 Sailor. And I could say my Compass, Reef, Hand,
and Splice, when ne'er a Commission-Officer in our
Ship could tell Starboard from Larboard.

4 Sailor.

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4. *Sailor.* I wonder your honourable Worship, being so notorious a Man with the Ambralty, don't get Captain of the *Sufferans*.

5. *Sailor.* And I likewise wonder your Worshipful Honour don't get to be knighted.

6. *Sailor.* 'Tis a wonderful thing, that, *Jack*, to have the Queen's Majesty's Honour clap a Cutlash upon a Man's Skull, and bid him rise up Sir any-thing.

Flip. Look'e, Rogues, the Design is very good, and 'tis a gracious Piece of Preferment ; but it has puff'd up so many of our Sea-Coxcombs, that their Pride and Vanity will ruin the Credit of the Navy. But here's to you, Coxen. (*Drinks.*) Fill it up, Sirrah.

Coxen. I am amost drunk, an like your Honour ; another Cup will make me clap the Ship on Board to Windward.

Flip. Why then, Sirrah, I'll clap you in the Bilboes to Leeward.

Coxen. So, now the Storm begins to rise.

2. *Sailor.* To be free with your Right Reverend Worship's Honour and Glory, I must tell you, being you and I were afore the Mast together, it would look as it were something clever of your Honourableness to throw three Things over-board.

Flip. Why, what are those Things, Sirrah?

2. *Sailor.* The Boatswain, the Purser, and the Bilboes.

All Sailors. Ay, over-board with them I'faith.

Flip. What ! do you mutiny, ye Dogs ? Don't you know there's a Court-Martial, and that I am Presidentum ?

Coxen. I was sure these Rogues would bring themselves into a Prime-in-Iron.

2. *Sailor.* Why, most worthy Captain, and my Messmate that was ; look'e, we have no Design of mutinying, but only by the Way of telling our Grievances to your Grace's Honour, and so my Humbleness to you.

[*Drinks.*]

Flip. Well, well, to shew my natural Goodness to you all, give me your Reasons for throwing over-board the Bilboes ; I begin at the latter End of your Propositions,

The Humours of the Navy. 47

ions, because I intend to ask them all gradually: and
6, Sirrah, here's to you. [Drinks.

3 Sailor. Thank your Monsterousness; the Bilboes,
can't like your Wonderfulness, is a great Stumbling-block
in the Way of a Sailor's Agility; to have our Heels
hand lock'd when we have Sea-room enough, is worse
than to run ashore where there's no Land.

All Sailors. Oh! worse by half.

Flip. Come, no more of you Nonsensicalness; but
get drunk as soon as you can.

Enter Indent.

Indent. Sir, a Word with you. [They go aside.

Coxen. Ah——when the Captain and Purser whif-
pers, our Guns ought to grumble.

6 Sailor. Ay, Coxen, those Whisperations are many
an Ounce of Butter and Cheese out of our way.

3 Sailor. Ay! and a great deal of Beer too: But my
Service to you Mess-mate.

Flip. Why, I design'd to go and see her this Evening!
[To Indent.

Indent. As I pass'd by the Door, she told me she was
impatient to see you, for you was the handsomest Man in
the Navy, and the best-natur'd Captain in the whole
Fleet.

Flip. Why, I believe the Jade does love me, there-
fore you and I will go to Supper with her; but first
I'll make all the Boat's Crew drunk, according to ancient
Custom: Come, Rogues, clap the Bucket to your
Mouths, and don't stand sipping out of a Bowl that
don't hold above a Pint.

Coxen. Well, if we must all be drunk, we must, and
so down let it go. Here's to you——if every Man
flows as much of it as I did in those half dozen Gulps,
I'll pawn my Call on't it won't come round again.

Flip. So, I am in stout Heart enough now to venture
an Engagement with this Virgin Frigate; and so come
along with me. [Exeunt Flip and Purser.

6 Sailor.

48 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

6 *Sailor*. Well, now we have got rid of the rum Dike, being in a very merry Humour, let us put it to the Vote, whether we shall beat the Mayor and Corporation, and drown the Constable; or shall we ravish all the Women we meet with, and unwind the Houses?

5 *Sailor*. Let us ravish first.

3 *Sailor*. No, no, ravish afterwards; for I have as much Courage before Ravishment as any body; but afterwards I'm as cowardly as a *Dutchman* that has drunk no Brandy.

Coxen. Hark'e, my Lads, I'd have you to take care who you ravish; for a great many Women in this Town don't love to be boarded by Force, they will fight you Broad-side and Broad-side, and Yard-arm, and Yard-arm, till they sink you; and you may fire a great many Guns betwixt Wind and Water, before you make any one of them leaky. Besides, I don't care to attack a Fireship of better Force than any Frigate in our Squadron; for if they once come to lash you fast to them, you are blow'd up in spite of the Ambralty. I will therefore lie down for an Hour or two; call me when the Captain's ready to go.

3 *Sailor*. Why do you think to be left out of the Plot? No, no, Mr. *Coxen*, you shall along with us, or else we'll ravish you.

All Sailors. Ay, ay, force him along. [*They haul him.*]

Coxen. Why, Rogues, an't I Captain of the Boat?

4 *Sailor*. If you were Captain of the Ship, we should use you as we do now; for we have no disrespect of Persons.

2 *Sailor*. Ay, or if he was Ambaral we should make no difference; for all that there is between an Ambaral and a Sailor is, a stout Sailor will fire ten Guns to an Ambaral's one.

Coxen. Well, well, unhand me, if I must go, I must; but I am very much mistaken, if we are catch'd a doing a Mischief by the Justices, if they don't clap us in to the wooden Bilboes.

4 *Sailor*. Why, to get the better of that Prehension of yours, the first thing we'll go about, shall be to pull the

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The Humours of the Navy. 49

the Stocks up by the Rops, launch them into the Sea,
and let the *Goodwin-Sand* be the better for them.

All Sailors. Done, done, come away. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

Enter Roverell, Worthy, Sir Charles Pleasant, Belinda and Dorcas.

Rov. I Am sorry *Arabella* comes not; 'tis a Disappointment to *Sir Charles*.

Sir Cha. Methinks I do look a little awkward amongst you billing Turtles; I am not a fit Companion for Lovers.

Bel. I can't imagine what you mean by Lovers: My Friend the Quaker here, has indeed shewn a little foolish Fondness for Captain *Worthy*, but I hope you have suspected no such thing from any Action of mine.

Dor. Why, Friend *Belinda*, art thou not ashamed to dissemble so? I must tell thee my Conscience will not let me do it; if thou dost not shew a great deal of Kindness to *Roverell* forthwith, I will discover what pass'd in thy Closet between us just now.

Rov. Oh! tell me but that, and I'll adore thee; give me but a Cause to laugh at her impertinent Weakness, and I shall be happy.

Bel. How dare you offer at this Insolence! have you any Pretensions to me, vain Fellow?

Rov. Yes I have, vain Woman: If two Years constant Courtship, with an awful Respect and Adoration paid to you; if Oaths, if Vows, if Sighs and tender Expressions can give a Man Pretensions, I can justly claim them.

C

Bel.

50 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Bel. You might have put in your foolish Presents too; your Baubles of *China*, your *Indian* Ombrello, your Hair-Ring, and your own Picture.

Rove. By Heavens! I'd give the World I could hate thee now: But, *Belinda*, there's something so bewitching in your Form, that I still must love you, though ne'er so ill used; like a Spaniel, I must fawn upon you.

Sir Cha. Now, Faith *Belinda*, had I admir'd you an Age, nay, had I thought you an Angel, and been as much enamour'd of you as 'twas possible for a Coxcomb to be; I would, at this Usage, marry your Chamber-maid, that she might take Place of you; I'd ridicule you in all Companies, quarrel with, and cut the Throat of any body that pretended Courtship to you, and would make you die a Maid in spite of your Teeth.

Rove. Whilst I, like a good-natur'd Fool, hug my Chains, and think of no Heaven but my *Belinda*.

Wor. For shame, proud Creature, let not your vain Folly get the better of your Sense and Reason; take to your Arms the Man you love; come, I see Good-nature in your Eyes: Thus I seize your Hand, and am resolv'd to give it him who has your Heart.

Bel. Pshaw, what Insolence is this! do you think I am to be forced?

Dor. No, no, there can be no Force in the Case; thou art a Dissembler.

Sir Cha. In short, if she refuses, we'll swear a Contract, and make a forc'd Marriage on't.

Bel. Had I not some Inclination, your Force and Threats should never do. Here, *Roverwell*, take my Hand; I hope for better Usage from you, than you have received from me.

Rove. Oh my *Belinda*! one pleasing Look makes amends for all my Pains and Agonies.

Dor. Ay, now it is as it should be.

Bel. I know, *Roverwell*, you'll forgive the Folly of my Sex, and put a favourable Construction on what I've done.

Wor.

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Wor. There, there, kiss her Hand eagerly; turn up the Whites of your Eyes, and fetch your Breath very short, and leave her to imagine what you ought to say. To-morrow one Priest will join both Couples: Now let us spend the Night in Mirth; by this Time *Mizen* has link'd with our sham Quaker. With your Leave, *Belinda*, we'll invite them hither.

Rove. 'Tis ten to one but the Vanity of his imaginary Conquest will bring him without an Invitation.

Bel. Pray make my House your own.

Wor. Pardon, my dear Creature, the Freedom we have taken in using your Name; but this Coxcomb might have offered a Violence we should have wish'd undone.

Rove. *Belinda*, I'll take the freedom of sending for our noble Commadore and his Lady too, who are by this time noosed; we'll first dance, then raise them to the height of Mirth, and discover the Plot.

Sir Cha. It will be a most pleasant Comedy.

Wor. Faith, I fear it will prove a Tragedy to poor *Mizen*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, this Packet was left for you by a Sailor. [Gives it Dorcas.]

Dor. Ha! — To Mrs. Dorcas Zeal, and one inclosed to *Worthy*! who can this be from! [Reads.]

"I doubt not but you'll wonder at the Villanies of Mankind, when I tell you that *Worthy*, whom you have Thoughts of making your Husband, is already married to me. I have two Children by him: Give him the inclosed; if after reading on't he dares deny it, the next Post shall bring to his sight his much injur'd, *Elizabeth Worthy*.

[Dorcas swoons away.]

Wor. Oh Heavens, what ails my Charmer! she's cold as Clay! run for some Water, quick!

Bel. Surprizing! [They all hold her.]

Dor. Oh false Man! oh cruel *Worthy*!

[She swoons again.]

Bel.

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Bel. Bless me, she faints again, and mutters something about you!

Wor. I am amazed!

Rove. So, she comes to her self again.

[They set her in a Chair.]

Dor. Oh read these Lines, thou perjur'd Man!

[Worthy reads the Letter and drops it again in a great Surprise.]

What's here, another, and directed to me! *[Reads.]*

"Tho' you have been guilty of many Villamies, and
"used me ill, I never thought you would have dared
"to have marry'd another Wife; but since I know
"you so well, I'll appear at *Deal*, and tear your Idol
"Quaker's Heart out. I am your much injur'd,

Elizabeth Worthy.

Sir Charles, feel me, have I Life, am I awake, or do I dream? a Dizziness overwhelms my Brain, and Darkness draws its sable Curtains o'er my Eyes!

Rov. What a Plague means all this romantick Stuff! have we got the Method of poisoning by Letter come into *England* at last!

Sir Cha. Faith, I am afraid to take the Letter up, for fear I should be transmogrified.

Bel. This sudden Change is most surprizing; help, lead her to my Chamber, a little Sleep may bring her to her self again.

Dor. Lead me to Death most willingly; Horror and Despair will end my Days.

[Exeunt Dorcas, Belinda, and Servants.]

Wor. Go, charming Fair! I can't blame thee for this great Concern. Death, Hell, and Devils! am I then at last become a Villain! a despicable Husband! a Betrayer of weak Virgins Hearts!——Am I, from a Man of Honour, sunk to a degenerate Slave!——By Heaven, I'm raging mad! What ill-boding Spirit could owe me such a Spite, and cross at once my full-blown Joys!

Rove. *Worthy*, is the Frolick to go round? are we to be all mad? or must only you and the Quaker carry on the Jest?

Wor.

The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or, 53

Wor. Oh *Rove*well, you have known me long, but never saw me in such Agonies of Grief before: Read these, the Cause of all my Woes.

Rov. (*Takes up the Letter, reads, and Sir Charles over his Shoulder.*) "Guilty—Villainies—another Wife
"——at Deal——Quaker's Heart out." *Eliz. Worthy.*
An Intrigue well carried on I'faith.

[*Reads the other Letter.*

"I doubt not——wonder——of Men——*Worthy.*
"——your Husband——two Children——the inclosed
"——next Post——to his sight." *Eliz. Worthy.*

Sir Cha. Why, this Lady of yours writes very prettily, Captain.

Rove. The Woman has a pretty Knack, faith; prithee, *Worthy*, are these two Children of yours Boys or Girls? ha! ha! ha!

Wor. Hell and Furies! am I become your Scorn? do you laugh at me?

Rove. Ay, faith, do we; canst thou be concerned at the Stratagem of a Woman who loves thee? look once more upon the Scrawl, canst thou not guess whose Hand it is?

Wor. Ha!——By this Light, it looks somewhat like *Arabella's*! It must be hers. Fool that I was, not to perceive it before; 'twas cunningly performed I swear: I wonder my charming Quaker discover'd it not! I'll in, and undeceive hee. [*Meets Belinda.*

Belin. Make no noise, she's in a Slumber, which I hope will compose her.

Wor. Oh *Belinda*! this is a Trick of *Arabella's*; behold, see here, the cunning penning of her envious Fingers.

Bel. I wish the worst Effects on't are past; for she has vow'd never to see you more: I'll watch her Slumbers, and when she wakes, I'll tell her the Story before her Fits return.——*Rove*well, you may now see when once our Sex resolve to love, 'tis dangerous to disappoint us.

Rove. But 'tis hard, *Belinda*, that you shou'd so soon believe that Men are false; ten thousand Letters
C 3 ne'er

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ne'er could make me alter the rooted Passion I have for you.

Bel. Oh! should you be told I am married to a Man, who has had two Children by me; you'd fly back from Promises and Vows, and cry, Pox take her, she's a Jilt.

Rove. So far from that, my Soul, that I'd stab the Inventor of such a Story.

Bel. That would be very Heroick indeed; but come let's comfort the poor Captain here, who looks more dejected than a discarded Ministry.

Sir Cha. Oh, worse than that, Madam, he puts me in mind of an *English* Captain taken by a *French* Privateer.

Rove. 'Tis a dismal Thing to be first boarded, then stript, and afterwards clapt into a *French* Goal.

Bel. In short, he looks as if he was married.

Sir Cha. Right, Madam, and his Countenance shews full of a Family-concern.

Wor. How can you blame my Surprise?—Were you to see the fair *Belinda*, whom I know you love the best of any one on Earth; were you, I say, to see her in Tears and Agonies for something you had done, nay, for something you had not done, some villainous Imputation charg'd upon you, 'twon'd touch your Heart as much as mine.

Rove. Why, faith, I have so good an Opinion of *Belinda*, that I fancy she would give her self none of those Airs, if she heard I had twenty Children.

Bel. Nay, more than that, had you twenty Wives, I should keep my Temper: Care shall be taken in drawing the Writings, so as I may not be the worse for you in my Fortune; and if you will love a great many of my Sex, it's probable I shall find out a Way of making Reprisals.

Sir Cha. What's all this to my Happiness? how am I to come by my *Arabella*?

Bel. Why, she's as easily come at as the rest of her Sex.

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Sir Cha. But, Madam, if she doats on my Captain, how can I expect she'll e'er smile on me?

Wor. Oh! her Love to me is vanish'd, if e'er she had any; this Action of her's plainly shews her Malice.

Bel. Come, I'll write her Word what an heroick Passion she has put *Worthy* into, and the fainting Condition poor *Dorcas* lies in; I'll praise her for her well-invented Stratagem, and then let her know Sir *Charles* is here.

Sir Cha. Why, Madam, do you think that will bring her?

Bel. Sir *Charles*, I have heard her say abundance of handsome Things of you; I know she likes the Word Quality much, and would not care, if on any Terms she could be called her Ladyship; for she is pleased with taking Place: that, you must know, is the darling Vanity of our Sex.

Rove. You may set your Heart at rest; you have a fairer Prospect of marrying *Arabella*, than poor *Worthy* has for marrying her Sister.

Bel. Come, teaze him no more: I'll steal up to her, and convince her of the Error she's in. Go into the Parlour, there's Cards. [Exit.]

Rove. Come, what think you of *Ombre*, or a Pool at Picquet:

Wor. I can do nothing with Pleasure till I know how I am to be received by my dear Charmer.

Sir Cha. Come, pray divert these melancholy Whimsies.

Rove. Why, if you don't go to Cards, Sir *Charles* and I shall be very satirical upon you.

Wor. Nay, rather than you should play that Game with me, I'll go to Cards. [Exeunt.]

Enter Flip [drunk] Indent, and Jiltup.

Jilt. This was kind indeed, my dear Dog, to make me the first Visit, when so many Ladies in Town die for you.

Flip. Why, you little Hussy you, I think all the Women in Town look like Swabs to you.

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Indent. Indeed, Madam, the Commodore does often launch out in your Praises.

Flip. Ay, and Commendations too: Why, I love you so well, that I could be your Consort and your Mess-Mate for ever. When I die 'tis all your own, my Houses, my Land, my Part in Ships, and my every thing else come to you by Will and Deed.

Filt. Poor good-natur'd Thing, how is it possible for me to return thy Kindnesses? I have no Land but my own Body; take that into thy Custody, and make the most on't.

Enter Cribidge in a Priest's Habit.

Flip. What have we here? a Priest!

Filt. Oh dear Cousin *Homily*, I'm glad to see you.

Flip. Is this your Cousin, my Dear? you're welcome, as I may say.

Crib. Sir, I thank you: Cousin, I'm glad to see you; I come to stay with you some Time, your Doctor being gone to make Interest for a Bishoprick, I am to officiate for him until his return.

Indent. Rarely acted I'faith, he looks much modester than most of our Sea-Chaplains.

Crib. Well, Cousin, may I joy you, have you enter'd into the holy State of Matrimony yet?

Filt. No, Cousin, I am willing to see a little more of the World first.

Crib. A Parishioner of mine, that has seen you, seems to have a great Mind to make you his Wife: He has a plentiful Estate, with a fine House in a pleasant Part of *Kent*; he is of a very good Family, and is a personal handsome Man.

Flip. Heark'e, Sir, none of your Match making Stories here: This Lady is dispos'd on, and her Inclinations are moor'd to my Affections; and he that claps her Aboard, must expect to be rak'd Fore and Aft with my Patride double and round.

Crib. Sir, I beg your Pardon, if you are the Lady's Husband, I have done, Sir.

Flip.

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Flip. Look'e, Sir, I am not at present the Lady's Husband; but if you understand that Part of your Trade, and will splice us together, I have a couple of Guineas at your Service.

Crib. Sir, if all Parties are consenting, I shall not be a great while performing that Ceremony.

Flip. Why all Parties are consented, Reverendissimo.

Crib. Sir, if I have that from the Lady's Mouth, and you can get her a Father to give her away, I shall proceed.

Flip. Oh, as to a Father, here's the Purser shall stand that Part of the Story: tell him, my Dear, how you love and adore me.

Jilt. I must say, I have an unalterable Affection for the Commodore; but if I should marry him, and he should not love me after it, I should be the miserablest Creature Nature ever form'd.

Flip. Not love you, my Dear, why I'll stick as close to you as carv'd Work to a Ship's Stern; nothing shall be done by me without thy Consent; you shall have the working of my Vessel, and stand at the Helm in all Weathers.

Indent. Well, Madam, since I am chose for your Father, give me Leave to know what's best for you; I'll engage the Commodore proves the tenderest Husband in the Navy.

Crib. Truly the Gentleman hath the Aspect of a Man of Parts.

Flip. Reverendissimo, I thank you for your good Opinion of my Outlets; and if you'll give your self the Trouble of coming on board my Ship, you shall have your Skull and Guts fill'd so full of Brandy and Salt-Beef, and your Ears so alarm'd with Drums, Trumpets, Huzza's and Guns, that you'll be as drunk in half an Hour, as you were at the wetting your Commission.

Crib. Sir, People of my Cloth never launch out beyond the Rules of Modesty.

58 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Flip. I can't say any thing to you Shore-Folks ; but I am certain our Sea-Chaplains (generally speaking) are drunk as often as our Sea-Captains.

Crib. The more's the pity, that Religion should be so abused by such Profligates.

Indent. Why, indeed, the Sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themselves, and such Examples from their Guides, may be one great Reason of so much Immorality in the Navy.

Flip. Come, my Dear, let the Doctor do his Office, and delay our Affair.

Fils. Well, you have overcome me.

Flip. So, very well ; then begin *Mr. Homily*!

Fils. Oh no, we shall be disturb'd here, the next Room is more private.

Flip. March away then, I am all over Storeship and Transport with thy dear Person ; come, I'll give you a Tow, you are my Prize now.

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V.

Enter Arabella dress'd like a Quaker, in Mens Cloaths.

Ara. **S**O, my Plot succeeds as I could wish, *Belinda's* Letter tells me all. Now must I take care to give my Saint-like Sister these Credentials when she wakes. I think I look as like one of the pious Brethren, as if I had been educated by *George Fox*. [*Knocks*.

Enter Advocate.

Is Dorcas Zeal within this Dwelling-Place ?

Adv.

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Adv. Yes, she is.

Ara. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would speak with her instantaneously?

Adv. If you'll walk in, I'll let my Mistress know your Message; but the Lady is asleep.

Ara. Go, I'll follow thee. [Exeunt.]

Enter again in the Parlour.

Adv. Sit down, while I acquaint my Lady. [Exit.]

Ara. Now for a disguising Look, that she may not know me.

Enter Belinda.

Bel. My Servant tells me you would speak with Dorcas Zeal.

Ara. Yea verily, she hath told thee the Truth.

Bel. She is laid down and indispos'd, I am loth to disturb her.

Ara. Verily I could wish thou could'st dispense with giving her some small Disturbance, my Business is very urgent; for behold my Errand is from her Brother, and concerneth her much, and we must be in private.

Bel. Then follow me.

Ara. So I will. [Exeunt.]

SCENE draws, and discovers Dorcas on a Couch.

Dor. How dreadful are the Dreams of Souls disturb'd! Why was I so void of Grace to trust to such a Monster!

Bel. How does my Dear? I fear'd we should have disturb'd your Rest; but this young Man being very urgent to speak with you, I ventur'd to bring him up.

Dor. I am much better; but still troubled in Mind.

Bel. Oh, as soon as you have dispatch'd your Business, I'll set your Mind to rights I'll warrant you. [Exit.]

60 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Ara. May be not——— [*Aside.*
Friend, thy Brother did send this unto thee; when
thou hast overlook'd the Contents thereof, thou wilt
know my Business here.

Dor. May be it contains something of that Traitor
Worthy. [*Reads.*

Beloved Sister,

TH E Bearer hereof, being the Son of Ananias, who
was an upright Member of the Cause, I recommend
unto thee for a Help-Met. He hath two Thousand
Pounds a Year, and stiffly adherent to our ways of go-
ing; and I send him to thee in good Season, that thou
may'st be deliver'd from the wicked Designs of the se-
ducing married Man *Worthy.*

Thine, in Truth and Sincerity,

Shadrach Zeal.

Dor. A comely Youth, well worthy my good liking.
Besides, how blest an occasion offereth to be reveng'd
of an ungrateful Man! (*Aside.*) Art thou, young Man,
the Subject of this Paper?

Ara. Yea, lovely Maiden, I am the chosen Man, se-
lected by thy Friend and thy good Brother to greet thee
with a holy Kiss, and tell thee I Love thee, fair One.

Dor. Love me at first sight!———Have a care thou
talk not in the Language of the World, and play the
Deceiver; if thou dost, assure thy self I shall rebuke
thee for it.

Ara. I have seen thee often before, verily.

Dor. Where did'st thou see me?

Ara. In the great London City.

Dor. When there saw'st thou me?

Ara. At the last general Assembly of the Faithful, met
at that Season, worldly Men call *Whil'suntide.*

Dor. Yea truly, our good Brother *Shadrach* carry'd
me up to that noisy Town of Pride and Vanity, to
greet our Brethren Friends at that last Meeting. But if
thou

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thou saw'st me there, how chanceth it, that in so long a Silence thou hast stifled up the Breathings of thy Heart, from the Fifth Month even to the Ninth?

Ara. Oh! *Dorcas, Dorcas,*——ah——I saw and lov'd thee, but alas, I check'd the moving Spirit within. With my green Years, methought I was too young to lead a Sister.

Dor. Too young! oh fy! was that the Fault! the younger the sporting Lambs, they play more harmlessly; Verily, the outward Man thou bearest, looketh with an honest Face.

Ara. My inward Man bears the same honest Face too. (*Kisses Dorcas's Hand*) deny me not thine Hand.

Dor. Some such like Agonies as these, I felt from the first Touches of the false *Worthy*.

Ara. False indeed!——He is one of the Profane, Alien to our purer Flock; and who can tell, were he thy chosen Yoke-mate, but he'd force thee to one of his own Steeple-Houses; nay, and perhaps lead thee in vain Toppings, to a carnal Seat in one of the sad Play-Houses?

Dor. (*Sighs*) Ah!——

Ara. But I am, thou know'st, a Lamb of thy own Fold; me thou may'st mould to what thy own Heart liketh: Then let us not, like the vain babbling worldly ones, thus lose the precious Time in foolish Courtship; but let me forthwith wriggle myself into thy inward Affections.

Dor. Yea, I do take thee, and like a Back-slider, who repenteth, I will, with pure Zeal and Fervency, turn unto thee.

Enter Worthy, Rovewell, Sir Charles, and Belinda.

Wor. Oh, my dear Creature, do I hold thee fast!

Ara. Friend, Hast thou any Pretensions to this Woman, who is the Wife of my Bosom?

Dor. Stand off, vile Man, thou with thy flattering Tongue hadst almost betray'd me; but now I defy thee. Go to thy Wife and Children.

Wor.

62 *The Fair Quaker of Deal : Or,*

War. Furies and Fire, I shall run distracted.

Ara. Friend, swear not at all.

War. What canting Coxcomb's this, that dares usurp my Right?

Ara. Thou may'st bluster, as much as thou pleasest ! but I tell unto thee, this Woman is Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh.

Dor. Thou hast said the Truth, and nothing but the Truth; I say again and again, be gone to thy own Wife.

Ara. Ay, go unto thy Wife.

War. Rowe, Sir Charles, Belinda, must I bear all this? Let me but keep my Senses!

Bel. I am surpriz'd at you!

Row. Behold, the Letters you receiv'd were written by *Arabella*: see here, her very Hand.

Ara. Friend, listen not to them, they are Deceivers; let us depart from amongst them.

Sir Cha. Look'e, young Fellow, none of your impertinent Cant here: This Lady shall not stir till we have undeceived her.

Rowe. And when we have done that, good Sir, you may troop to the Bull and Mouth again, without this She-Friend's Money.

Dor. What Power hast thou to hinder our departing hence?

Ara. Ay Friend, tell us that.

Rowe. How can you be so cruel to a Man, whose Life's sole Happiness is plac'd in you?

Dor. How can I be cruel enough to one, who would have for ever made me miserable?

War. Oh! wou'd you but hear me justify myself, I soon wou'd answer all this villanous Forgery, and clear my wounded Innocence and Honour.

Ara. Friend, hear him not, he hath a vile deluding Tongue.

Sir Cha. Hark'e, young Fellow, I have something to tell you.

Ara. Friend, I have nothing to say to thee; therefore touch me not, I say.

Dor.

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Dor. Pray use no Rudeness, but let us be gone quietly.

Sir Cha. No struggling, good, sweet, diminutive Coxcomb; if thou dost, I shall use the carnal Weapon upon thee.

Ara. Be gone, Fellow.

[*In struggling her Hat and Wig fall off.*]

Bel. How! *Arabella!*—Then the Plot's discover'd!

Dor. (*Shricks.*) How's this! my holy Brother in the Spirit, turn'd to an arrant Sister in the Flesh!

Wor. Ha!—my old Friend, this was a well-acted Tragi-Comedy.

Dor. I am in so much Confusion and Surprise, I know not what to say.

Ara. Now, Sir, I suppose you'll let me go; I have no more Business here.

Sir Cha. This Discovery will make me hold you faster than before.

Roue. Ay, Madam, there's no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your Usage.

Dor. Friend *Worthy*, canst thou forgive me, and once more take my Hand?

Wor. Can I live? not without thee I'm sure! Oh had you but once o'er-look'd these Lines, how had you sav'd me all this wild Distraction?

Sir Cha. Look'e, Madam, no struggling, you are now my Prisoner; I shall not release you but upon very advantageous Terms to my self.

Bel. Those Terms, *Sir Charles*, let me have Leave to make. I know the Gentlewoman's Mind so well, that I dare give you her Hand.

Ara. Upon what Account, *Belinda*?

Bel. Why, upon the Account of being my Lady Pleasant. Prithee don't put on a dissembling Look; consent forthwith, or you shall die a Maid. But first I'll reconcile you to this Couple.

Dor. I forgive thee, Sister, what Excess of Passion moved thee to; but if thou valuest me, accept of the Man Pleasant for thy Husband.

Ara. I am a little confounded; let me retire till I have recover'd myself, I'll wait on you again. [*Is going.*]

Dor.

64 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Dor. Stay, Sister Husband, that would'st have been; one serious Word before thou goest.

Ara. Ay, and two merry ones if you please.

Dor. If I had taken thee Hand and Hand to the Steeple-house Yoke-maker, would'st thou have had the Impudence to have said after him; I, a false Brother *Ananius*, take thee a true Sister *Dorcas*, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish?—Thou love and cherish me! when thou knowest thy self a Woman, and hadst it not in thee, naughty Creature.

Ara. No faith, Sister, I should never have push'd the Jest so far, neither.

Dor. Go, go thy ways; thou art a sad facetious Girl. [Exit *Arabella*.

Rev. Follow, Sir *Charles*, follow her, never let her go beyond thy reach, till thou hast her safe; and we'll all go along with thee to be ready for Auxiliaries upon Occasion.

Bel. Well, I'll take care the Breeches shall be deliver'd to Sir *Charles*, this shall be the last Hour of your wearing those masculine Trophies of Tyranny.

[Exeunt all but *Worthy* and *Dorcas*.

Dor. Well, this malicious Sister of ours had a strange Plot against us, but I hope, kind *Worthy*, thou canst heartily forgive her.

Wor. Ay, and thank the very Hand that snatch'd thee from me; because it brings me the transporting Joys of this blest Restauration.

Enter Flip, pulling in Mizen, who holds Jenny Private in his other Hand, dress'd like a Quaker, exactly like Dorcas.

Flip. Now Pox on thee, come forwards with thy fair Spouse; as thou hast snapt his rich Galleon, and got the ten Thousand Pound Cargo, never be a sham'd of thy good Fortune, but bear up full Sail to him, and lay him a'hwart with her.

Miz. By my Bowspreet, and so I will. Oh the sweet Pleasure of the Mortification I shall give him—Come forward

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forward Sweeting. [*Entering with her farther upon the Stage.*] My dear Brother *Worthy*, thou seest I have made bold. We have sign'd and seal'd, noble Captain.

Wor. I see you have.

Flip. Ay, *Bully Tar*, they are twined together as strong as a First-Rate Cable.

Miz. Ha! ——— What's yonder! [*Spying the true Dorcas.*] Is that beautiful Quaker a Relation of thine?

Jen. Yea, my dear Sister and Friend, I greet thee lovingly.

Dor. My Sister! pray who art thou?

Jen. In my single Estate I was called *Dorcas Zeal*; but in my Wedlock Bonds my Name is *Dorcas Mizen*.

Dor. *Dorcas* and *Zeal*! ——— Who gave thee those Names?

Jen. None of the vain Ceremonies of Godfathers and Godmothers; no verily, it is a Name I borrow'd to myself, to make this dear Man happy in a Yoke-Mate.

Miz. Borrow'd! in the Name of *Lucifer*!

Dor. Nay, in my Cloathing too! my very Likeness.

Wor. I wish you Joy, my happy Rival!

Flip. Ay, Joy, Sir, Joy in your ten Thousand Pound Quaker.

Miz. Ten Thousand Torments! Joy! never was Man so cheated, so betrayed and ruin'd! ——— Spouse, Monster, Fury, *Jezabel*, who art thou?

Jen. Shall I answer thee in the Language of the Sanctify'd?

Miz. No, answer me in thine own infernal Dialect, and tell me Friend, whence camest thou?

Jen. From *London*, an't shall please you.

Miz. A Woman of the Town, I suppose, a walking Night-Bird, in or about *Drury-Lane* wards.

Jen. Yes truly, one of that cloudy Generation. But Heavens be thanked, those dark Days are over with me, I shall shine out a Captain's Lady now.

Miz. Shine out a Firebrand, Brimstone and Smoke! a Whore, a common Strumpet.

Flip.

66 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Flip. O fy Brother *Mizen*, no more hard Words, but take her to thy Bosom.

Miz. Take her to the Devil.

Flip. I tell thee, *Mizen*, thou couldst not have pick'd out a Wife so fit for thee, out of a whole Regiment of Doxies: Does she not own herself a Piece of brittle Ware? and will so sweetly set off thy Cabbin with the rest of thy *China*.

Wor. Ay, *Mizen*, take the Commodore's good Counsel, and bear it all with Patience; thou art as quarrelsome as a Game-Cock at a Looking-Glass, and with as little Reason for thy Passion.

Miz. Not Reason for my Passion, when I'm ty'd to such a Limb of Hell!

Wor. No, not when thou hast deserved to be so tied!

Miz. Deserved!

Wor. Ay, Sir, deserved. Didst not thou know my Claim to this fair Creature? and with thy treacherous Designs to play so poor a Game, to invade my sacred Right? Art thou not justly punish'd?

Dor. Yea, naughty Man, thou hast thy just Reward.

Miz. Ay, noble *Worthy*, I own myself a Villain, and the Hand of Heaven has reach'd me for't.

Flip. Hang thee, who pities thee? You wanted a ten Thousand Pounder, and must set up downright Buccaneer, and Pirate for a Wife; no Prize but *Worthy's Dorcas*——now I have married a Girl.

Wor. Thou married!

Flip. Ay, this very Morning. But my Fub's-Yacht pretends to no Thousands; a Pox of Portions, I have Yellow-Boys enow (thanks to a Harvest in her Majesty's Service) to make the White and Red in the fair Cheeks of an honest smiling Bedfellow look lovely, with neither Paint nor Patch.

Wor. Where is this White and Red, with neither Paint nor Patch? Troth *Flip*, thou keep'st thy rustick Humour still; to have taken a young Bride, and be seen thus long out of her Company, on the very Nuptial Morning, is not over modish, let me tell you.

Flip.

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Flip. Hang Ceremonies. Look you, Sir, the Wench I have taken is a plain Country Pinnace, with no gay Gildings, either at Poop or Stern; but her plain Trim so neat, that at first sight, as she sail'd by me, a Puff of Love sprung up so brisk a Gale, that I immediately tack'd round, and boarded her.

Wor. That is to say, you wedded her.

Flip. Right, Sir; and when the Job was done, I was oblig'd to put her in a little more modish Rigging fit for the She-Mate of a Commodore; my Landlady and she are gone together to the Milliners and the Sempstresses, and so forth——but I expect 'em——see here they are! Oh my sweet Spouse!

Enter Jilup and Cribidge.

Wor. Joy, happy Sir.

Miz. The like to you, fair Bride!

Jilt. I thank you, Gentlemen and Ladies, thanks to the whole fair Company. Ha!——my sweet Cousin here! dear Jenny—— [Embracing her.

Flip. Her Cousin, say you!

Jilt. Ay, my best Dear, tho' I have the Honour to be a Commodore's Lady, I must not grow proud, and forget my old Friends and Acquaintance. This young Lady and I were bred up Play-fellows together.

Flip. Not at her Game, I hope.

Jilt. Oh! yes, Sir, we were two such Intimates, two such sworn Friends, that our Delights, our Joys, our very Lives were all wound up together.

Flip. Where, where my pretty Lady-Bird, was thy Acquaintance with that Play-fellow?

Jilt. At London, Sir.

Flip. What Part of London?

Jilt. The Neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*.

Flip. Sink and Sodom!

Jilt. Both Lodgers in one House: Nay, and when either of us had Room for a She-Bedfellow, we were those loving Fools, we always slept together.

Flip. Oh——

Jilt

68 *The Fair Quaker of Deal: Or,*

Fils. This frank Confession is, I hope, my Virtue, not my Fault: I have liv'd in a bad World, and play'd the Hypocrite so long, that I am now quite weary on't; besides, you're a plain-dealing honest Gentleman, and 'twould be barbarous to tell you Lyes upon your Wedding day. You frankly married me for better for worse, perform your Vow then, and take me as you find me.

Flip. Take a Succubus; — Diseases, Poxes, Leprosy! Oh Fool! Sor! Dotard, Lunatick! — Death I'll run mad; turn the Muzzle of a Gun down in the Powder-room, and blow myself up to the Devil.

Wor. Hold, *Flip*, no Treason! — Blow up her Majesty's Ship!

Flip. Blow the World up!

Miz. Ay, Brother Sufferer, marry'd to two such Miscreants, so harden'd in their Shame, they make it even their Glory to proclaim it. — Oh *Worthy*, if thou bearest a human Soul, as basely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thy self must pity me.

Wor. I do pity thee, pity both of you; and to prove I do so, what will you say to me, if I release you, knock off your Chains, and free you both from Slavery?

Miz. What will we say! — We'll kneel to thee.

Flip. Worship thee.

Miz. Thou shalt command our Lives, we'll fight for thee.

Flip. Hang for thee.

Miz. Drown for thee.

[*Kneeling.*]

Wor. No more of this romantick Stuff. What will you do for these poor Creatures?

Flip. Do for 'em — Why, Friend I'll give a Leg or an Arm for Composition.

Wor. A Leg or an Arm? — A Haunch of common Swine's Flesh would do them twice the Service. What Bread will you give 'em, to take them off from their leud Lives, and make two honest Women of 'em?

Flip. Troth I'll give my Boatswain's Pay, settled for Life upon her.

Wor.

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Wor. That shall satisfy. Say, Girl, art thou contented?

Fils. So well contented, Sir, that on my Knees I'll thank you. [Kneels.]

Flip. Say'st thou so, Girl? then Faith I'll throw thee in one twenty Brace of Pounds to rig an honest House up of thy own, and roost no more in Whores Nests.

Wor. Well, sign this Parchment, which entitles her to Fifty Pounds a Year for Life, and I'll release you— And what says *Mizen*.

Miz. Faith, I'll treat my *Fenny* (pulls out a large rich Purse) with this Purse of Gold, the weighty Stowage of a fair hundred Guineas, and give her the same Settlement into the Bargain.

Wor. Come, come, sign, sign then,——Now Gentlemen, in order to your Deliverance, first I must tell you both, these sweet Wedlock-Nooses were my handy Work, your Friend and Servant *Worthy*, the head Match-maker.

Flip. and *Miz.* Thou!

Wor. Not to ruin you, but to reform you: And now for a safe Cure to all Fears and Dangers, the Reverend Man in Black that link'd you both, was only an honest Tar, your good Friend *Cribidge* in pious Masquerade; and since there has been neither lawful Matrimony nor Consummation, the Knot will soon be loosed.

Crib. You see, noble Captain, I'm ready to serve you in all Capacities.

Flip. I thought indeed the Canonical Rascal had a hanging Look, somewhat like my Lieutenant.

Miz. Ay, hang him Rogue, a Halter would better become his Neck for a Collar, than a Suringle his whorson Hide for a Girdle.

Wor. No Murmurs, thou know'st how thou deserv'st it.

Miz. Touch my past Shame no more, I'm a true Penitent.

Wor. And for thee, *Flip*, I knew thee such a Rake, that the least mad drunken Fit would run thee headlong into irrevocable Shame and Ruin; and therefore, even for thy mere Preservation, I put this innocent Cheat upon

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upon thee, only to stand a warning Sea-mark to thee, against all future Shipwrecks on this Quick-Sand.

Flip. By *Neptune*, and by *Mars*, you are a brave Fellow.

Wor. And, Gentlemen, to sign your full Redemption, these Ladies shall seal Articles of Release.

Filt. The strongest you can ask, or Law can bind; and since you have provided so handsomely for us, we are resolv'd to change our Course of Lives, and live honestly for the Future. What thousand of wretched Creatures, like our selves, would willingly—

*The Follies of their ill-spent Lives recal,
Turn, and live honest, could they live at all.*

Jen. Yes Female Frailty first may made 'em Sinners, but from Necessity they live and die so.

*To their dark Cells and Midnight Revels led,
Not from their Thirst to Man, but Hunger for his Bread.*

Wor. Well, tho' I have made your Purses smart a little, you see I have made you do some good in your Generation, put a helping Hand to two poor Sinners Conversion.

Flip. Ay, and my own Conversion too. Henceforward I'll keep such honest Fellows as thee Company, cast off my old dull rascally Conversation, and learn good Sense and Manners.

Miz. Nay, dear *Worthy*, take one new Convert more; for from this Hour I'll play the effeminate Fool no more, but bear the Face of a Man like thee, strip my Pop-Cabbin of all my *China* Baubles, Toys for Girls, and shew my self a true Hero for my glorious Queen.

Wor. Nay now, dear Gentlemen, you'll make me proud of this Day's happy Work.

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Enter Sir Charles, and Arabella in her own Dress,
Rovewell and Belinda.

Wor. Well, dear Sir Charles, how stand the Affairs of Love?

Sir Cha. Faith, very well: Generous Arabella has hung out her White Flag, and given her Promise she'll seal the speedy Articles of Surrender.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, we shall see you shine a Conqueror.

Sir Cha. When this fair Hand has crown'd me one.

Ara. Yes, *Worthy*, no more of my wild Airs, no more mad Frolicks; as I have study'd to plague thee, I'll play a soberer Part, and study now (*Giving her Hand to Sir Charles.*)

Sir Cha. To bless the happiest of Mankind.

Wor. But what says *Rovewell*?

Rov. What I am proud to say; *Belinda's* kind at last, and crowns my Love.

Belind. Yes, *Worthy*, I have at last play'd the true Woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

Wor. Well, Ladies, since the whole Preliminaries of the soft Peace of Love are all adjusted, what if, according to old laudable Custom, we have a little Musick and a Dance?

Sir Cha. Nothing more *a propos*.

Rov. Madam, you are my Partner.

Dor. Oh fie, Friend *Rovewell*, the Females of our Congregation think it Vanity of Vanities.

Rov. Yes, in the Country they may do't; but your London Friends have all the Gaiety imaginable; they Sing, they Dance, wear Patches, and keep visiting Days.

Dor. Well, rather than spoil your Mirth, I will walk about.

A DANCE.

After the Country Dance, enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Coxen and Boats Crew, hearing you had got the Musick, desire they may present you with a little of their Agility.

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A DANCE of Sailors.

Dor. Well, Dear *Worthy*, since I have heard the affected Sanctity and friendly Cant, not only from my Sister *Arabella*, but even from that carnal Vessel of Pollution; to make our Marriage-Yoke more chearful still, from this blest'd Hour I'll join thy holy Worship.

Wor. Now I have all my utmost Wish cou'd ask,

Miz. Hold, *Worthy*, do not boast too proud a Triumph in making this fair Profelyte. *Flip* and I have there outdone you, you have only made a Sister Convert from one Faith to another, but we have converted a fair Brace of Infidels; a Work of Reformation far beyond you.

Wor. Ay, there you have outdone me: And I think, Gentlemen, you have set a good Example for the World in general to follow,

*Oh! what a happy Change this Age won'd find,
In all the looser Part of Womankind,
Wou'd all their Cullies do as you have done,
And every Fool, like you, reform but one!*

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